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THE EBBING TIDE.

BY S. W.

Flowing, flowing, ever flowing,
Slowly outward ebbs the tide:
Here the shoals are small and narrow,
There the sea runs deep and wide.

Ebbing, ebbing, ever outward
To the rolling, boundless sea,
Wave on wave in such succession
Scarcely is a vacancy.

Flowing, flowing, in such numbers,
Can there any difference be
In their form, or hue, or motion,
As they flow to the same sea?

Ay, some waves rise from their comrades,
Flowing onward to the strand;
Others froth in wrath and anguish,
Break in moaning to the sand.

On the ocean of Forever,
Some will sparkle in the light;
Others dwell in depths of horror,
In the sea's dark, rayless night.

And so pass the generations,
Moving outward to the sea,
Out on the ebbing tide of time,
Flowing to eternity.

A BLACK VEIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"WHERE are you going, Lady Laurie?" asked a laughing mocking voice.

In my haste, hurrying to my own room, I had run against Lady Maud Trent, fair and fresh as the dawn itself, in a bewitching morning-dress, evidently going to the terrace to join Lance.

"You are in a terrible hurry," she laughed. "One would think time was very precious with you."

She started back with a look of fear as my wild white face flashed by her. I did not wait to reply.

"What a tragedy-queen!" she said.

She was going to meet my cousin. Perhaps on the previous night, when they parted, he had kissed her, and whispered to her to meet him in the morning, before the rest of the party were down.

My jealous mind pictured the scene. If I had been wise, I should have gone to my room.

But I must see the worst—must see if they met, the man whom I loved so well and the beautiful girl they said he was going to marry.

Women love self-torture.

I went to one of the broad windows in the corridor, around which the ivy hung very thick.

I could see without being seen; and though the sight was torture to my eyes as well as my heart, I looked on.

They were walking together, her fair bright face raised to his, both her hands clasped over his arm—she talking eagerly, he listening.

But on Lance's lay a shadow.

They might be lovers, they might be on the point of marriage; but all was not well with him.

So I watched them until I could not bear the pain any longer.

I knew enough now.

My cousin had not said that he was going to marry, but he had given me, I believed, every reason to think so.

A dull settled despair came over me. I could not rest.

What should I do?

What did the future hold for me?

As in a dream, I went down to the breakfast-room.

I was just conscious that Lady Maud sat next to Lance, and that she wore on her breast a brilliant scarlet blossom that I felt sure he had gathered for her.

I would not let my eyes rest on him, yet I felt that he looked long and very sadly at me.

What had I to do with him?

It was his chosen wife who sat by his side.

Once I fancied that I saw Lady Ullswater's eyes fixed on me with a half-contemptuous smile.

"You do not take your coffee, Laurie," she said.

I drank it at once, although it seemed to me that I was being suffocated.

"Will you come to my boudoir?" she asked.

"Daisy and Gladys are helping me to send out invitations; but Daisy is not only useless herself, she prevents Gladys from working.

"Will you come, Laurie?"

It did not occur to me at the time that she had invited me simply to torment me.

I went because I was too indifferent to refuse.

Daisy was really playing at work.

She sat with a pen in her hand and a number of cards before her, but she wrote little.

Every minute she left off with some merry jest, or some allusion to her forthcoming wedding, while Gladys began to write as if for dear life.

She would have done anything rather than talk to me.

Lady Ullswater gave me a list of names, and pen and ink.

"I shall be glad if you can get them done," she said. "I want to send them out by noon."

"You are sending out plenty of invitations mamma," remarked Gladys.

"Yes. I want every one to see Lady Maud.

"She is so perfectly beautiful, and I am so proud to introduce her."

"You will have a daughter-in-law after your own heart, mamma," laughed Daisy.

"Yes; and I am well content now that I know she is to be my daughter," said Lady Ullswater.

"Is it really settled at last?" asked Daisy.

"It is settled so far that I am hourly expecting Lance to speak to me about it," replied Lady Ullswater.

"There cannot be doubt about his intentions. I never saw such devotion.

"He seems to love the very ground she walks on."

"I am sure Lady Maud loves Lance," said Gladys.

"Of course, mamma, we shall not remain here after they are married."

"Certainly not.

"Daisy must be married from Yatton—Lance will be quite willing, I know—and we shall go to Ravenglas."

Gladys indicated me with a scornful toss of her head.

"Will Laurie go with us?" she asked.

"I suppose so," replied Lady Ullswater, with the drooping of the lip that she seemed to reserve for me.

And I, seeing it, swore to myself that I would never go.

Dark and desperate thoughts came into my mind.

I had suffered enough at Yatton; to Ravenglas I would never go.

They went on talking, always about Lady Maud and how Lance loved her, how long he had loved her, how well suited they were to each other in outward appearance as in all else.

"I should think," said Lady Ullswater proudly, "They will be the finest-looking couple in England.

"They will make a sensation in London when they appear.

"It is strange how Lance always disliked dark beauties."

"Fair to the fair, like sweets to the sweet," put in Daisy.

"I always knew it would be a match," said Lady Ullswater.

"I have never had one moment's uneasiness over it. Lance has such confidence in me."

I remembered hearing her say that she could manage her son as little as she had been able to manage her brother, and I wondered at the discrepancy in her words.

"Maud, Countess of St. Asaph," said Daisy.

"It sounds well."

Gladys laughed; but I could not help feeling that the words were a death-knell to me.

I wished that I could have gone on with my work, that I could have held my pen with steady hand, that I could have laughed with gay nonchalance.

I called all the St. Asaph pride and spirit to my aid; but a cruel mist blinded my eyes, a cruel roar as of stormy waters sounded in my ears, while above it echoed the pitiless words—"Maud, Countess of St. Asaph."

I might say good-bye to the dear fellow whom I loved so well.

I might efface myself, for life was an utter blank.

"You do not look well, Laurie," said Lady Ullswater, with a cruel smile, while Daisy laughed outright.

What would I not have given for power to answer lightly.

Yet how could I with my death-knell sounding in my eyes?

I murmured a few words in reply, and, rising, quitted the room.

Even as I closed the door I heard a cruel peal of laughter, and I knew that they had both seen my pain and rejoiced in it.

I did not go in to luncheon.

A feeling of stupor and despair had come over me.

My brain burned, my hands were icy-cold; at times a chill shudder came over me, and then burning fever ran riot in my veins.

I thought then that I had reached the depths of human misery; I found there were greater depths still.

The afternoon was warm and bright.

I went into the library, one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, for the afternoon sun fell upon it.

I found a book, but I could not fix my attention, and presently I gave up the effort and fell to crying bitterly over my hapless fate.

I had not been there long before I heard footsteps outside.

It was some one coming for a book probably that would not remain.

I did not care to be found weeping there; so I went to one of the great bay-windows, and stepped into the recess behind the curtains, intending to get back to my own room as soon as the intruder had gone.

Two voices fell on my ears—Gladys' and Daisy's.

My cousins had come in search of a fashion-book that Lady Ullswater had left there and would be gone away in a moment, I thought.

I would not show my tear-stained face to them.

They did not go however, but, on the contrary, Daisy flung herself upon the couch.

"I am tired," she said.

"It must be of doing nothing," remarked her sister.

"You are an adept, Daisy, at doing nothing and making the most of it.

"Well," replied Daisy, "it will not matter much soon what I am. Gladys," she continued, with vehement energy, "do you not hate that girl Laurie?"

"I do not love her, certainly," was the grim answer.

"Nay, be honest be frank. Do you not hate her? I do with all my heart." She stopped for a few seconds, and then she added, in a low voice, "I wish with all my heart that she would die. No one wants her, no one cares for her, no one loves her."

"Those are the kind of people that live on," said Gladys. "It is the loved and cherished that die."

"I wish she were dead," went on Daisy. "She has spoiled your life. Colonel Trentham would have married you, Gladys, if he had not seen her."

"He would have married me but for the money," corrected Gladys.

"He has always said he must marry money."

"What a cruel thing it was that she came in just at the last, to spoil your prospects!"

"She is very beautiful," said Gladys, with grudging admiration.

"Lance says that her face and figure are faultless."

"Lance said that!" cried Daisy. "I am sure he does not like her. He has been kind to her for pity's sake; he is good-hearted.

"He must hate her."

"She has done him more harm than any one else," said Gladys slowly.

"Lance wants the money—he needs it. Mamma seems very sanguine about his marriage.

"And my opinion is that he would marry at once if he had the fortune he expected to have.

"Mind my words, Daisy, for they are true ones.

"If any one wishes Laurie dead, it is Lance, poor fellow—and he has very good cause."

"I thought, Gladys, that once upon a time you fancied there was some little tenderness on his part for her?"

"I was mistaken," affirmed Gladys, in a voice of quiet scorn.

"She likes him well enough: but he has not given her any encouragement. I am of your opinion, that it would be a fortunate thing for all of us if she were to die. I believe if she died, and left me the money—it ought to have been mine, and not hers—the Colonel would return to me: and I should be perfectly content with the title of Lady Kelverdale."

Daisy laughed that cold metallic laugh of hers which always irritated me.

"I wish she would take a devout fit and fancy for visiting the poor, she might catch a friendly fever.

"I must suggest it to her. It would be the best thing in the world for Lance if she were to die."

In mercy oblivion came to me.

My head fell upon my breast, all my senses failed: in my heart there rose a great passionate cry.

Could it be true, my love—could it be true?

When sight and hearing came back, Daisy was just rising with languid grace from the couch.

"It would make no difference to me now," she said; "but the best thing that could happen for you and Lance would be for Laurie most kindly to take her departure to another and better world. It seems cruel to say so, but I certainly do wish she would die."

"Daisy be quick.

"Mamma will be looking everywhere for the book.

"Ah, what is that?"—for with a white face and wildly beating heart I stood before them.

"Stop!" I cried: and they looked at me in alarm.

"Stop!" I repeated. "I should have told you before that I was here, but your

cruel words took all power and speech from me."

"How mean! How disgraceful!" cried Daisy.

"You have been listening!"

"You can say that if you choose. But you know that it is not true—that I could never degrade myself by such false conduct. Your wicked words robbed me of speech."

Gladys looked a little frightened.

"You may not have listened purposely," she said; "but you ought to have told us that you were in the room. I—I am sorry you were there," she added.

The white passionate misery of my face startled her.

"You wish me dead," I said; "and I do not wonder at it. I wish myself dead, for I have never had one happy moment since I came under my father's roof. I can understand how. I am less than nothing to you. I came in your way, and I have taken the miserable money that should have been yours, and Gladys has lost her lover through it. But," I continued, unconscious how I was betraying my secret, "tell me, is it true that your brother wishes me dead too?"

The sisters looked at each other. They were silent for a few minutes, and I saw Gladys's proud lips quiver.

"Do not fear to tell me," I said; "it will not hurt me in the least now. It is far better to know the truth.

"From what you have heard, from what you know, do you believe that your brother wishes me dead?"

"I believe," said Daisy, with a pale startled face, "that it would be a great relief to him."

Then Gladys laughed nervously.

"Of course this is all nonsense," she said—"the most absurd nonsense. People do not die to please their friends. Besides, your death would not benefit us unless you left us your money."

"Thank you for the information. You all, even your brother, the only one amongst you who has been kind to me, wish me dead. I shall not forget it, be assured."

"Do not talk nonsense," cried Gladys, trying to detain me.

"We should not have said any such thing had we known you were there. How foolish you are, Laurie!"

"You have driven me to despair," I said slowly.

"It is nonsense to make a serious business of idle words," remarked Daisy.

"They were words full of truth," I replied.

"You all wish me dead; I repeat that I shall not forget it."

"Nothing but mock tragedy," said Daisy, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You are fond of it, Laurie. I advise you, as you have had the meanness to listen, to take what you have heard for what it is worth, and say nothing about it."

"It would be the wisest plan. We have all made a mistake," said Gladys, who was much more frightened and ill at ease than her sister.

I looked into both faces—the one so dark and proud, so cold and stately; the other so fair, brilliant and beautiful.

"Good-bye," I said slowly, as I went out of the room; and neither of them answered a word.

This was the home I had dreamed of while listening to the thrush's song; this was the world into which I had plunged so eagerly; this was the love I had longed for!

And—ah me, ah me!—the end of it all was—they wished me dead!

I laughed aloud in the very bitterness of my heart; but that laugh was more dreadful than any tears.

Was it hard to die?

Death did not come when the wretched cried for it.

Death my fair, pure young mother had said, was the gate of heaven.

To die, I must kill myself.

But suicide was not the gate of heaven—could not be.

Yet I longed for death, and I thought—oh, hapless and lonely girl that I was!—how some died of hunger and cold, some on land, others on sea, some by fire, by sword, by poison by disease.

How could I seek death?

I know not.

I must not live—I did not wish to live—but I was puzzled as to how I could seek death.

I had seen but one death-bed—my father's; and his end had been unutterably horrible.

An intolerable grief was weighing me down, an intolerable pain was burning my heart, while life was throbbing in every vein, in every pulse.

How was I to still it?

What would take all warmth and movement from me, and leave me as my father had been, white and cold as marble?

I cried aloud to Heaven to send me death; but Heaven was deaf to my prayers, and my heart beat on.

I went to my own room, which had hitherto been as a sanctuary of peace to me; but now the grim horror of the words I had overheard haunted me.

They all wished me dead—my father's sister, the two girls whose money I had taken, and Lance, whom I love with my whole heart.

There was no escape from the ugly truth; the matter was plain enough. I was in their way; they hated me, and wished me dead.

When I had regained my composure in some degree, it was growing dusk, and I sat at the window, watching the light dying out of the sky.

Ah, what words of mine could tell the despair in my heart?

I was without father, mother, or friends; but the keenest pain of all was that Lance wished me dead, because, loving a fair girl and desiring to marry her, my money would be useful to him.

I never questioned the truth of the assertion, never doubted it for one moment. It seemed to me that such a wish quite accorded with his recent behavior.

As to one thing I was determined—I would see none of them again.

Never again would I read hatred and contempt on those fair high-bred faces; never more would I wince under the tender glance of Lady Maud's eyes when they rested on her lover; never more would I suffer from the young Earl's coldness or neglect.

I would leave them at once; and my money, which they wanted—the hundred and fifty thousand pounds of which I had, to all appearance, robbed them—they should have. It had been nothing but a curse to me.

An idea came to me as I sat watching the gathering darkness.

I would go to Mr. North, the family solicitor, who had read my father's will and ask him to make this money legally theirs; and then death would be welcome.

The wind moaned among the trees. I could hear the rustle of the branches, the tap of the ivy against the window, the faint call of some distant night-bird.

And with the night came gathering horror and dread.

The sense of desolation which oppressed me was enough to have killed one stronger than myself.

Mr. North lived in Thavies Inn, London; there I must seek him.

I went to my desk, and found that I had a considerable sum of ready money. This I put into my purse.

All the handsome jewels that my father had bequeathed to me, or that had been given to me, I placed on my dressing-table.

My relatives were welcome to them.

Perhaps some of them might adorn the future Countess of St. Asaph. Death and despair were my portion—hers, life, love, and happiness.

For me was the scorn of the fair young Earl—for her, his love.

Let her have the jewels. If they made her any fairer in his eyes, so much the better.

The nearest railway-station was at Clift; and I knew that a train left Clift for London early in the evening, and reached the metropolis at midnight.

I would go by that.

I could sleep at a hotel, go and see Mr. North in the morning, and then—welcome death!

This was my last evening in the old home, my last evening under the roof where the young Earl was sleeping.

The last!

And I had been so weak, so vain, so mad, as to dream that it might be my home for life!

CHAPTER XXII.

QUICKLY and eagerly I made my preparations.

Some one came to my door to say that dinner was served, but I sent word to Lady Ullswater that I was not well, and should not require any.

I had put my money into my purse—I had no scruple in taking that—but everything else I left behind.

I found in my wardrobe a plain black dress and cloak, a dark bonnet and veil. There was little need for disguise.

Who would know or care to recognize me?

I rang for my maid, and told her that I did not wish to be disturbed again that evening, that I should not require her services, and I trusted to her to see that no one came near me.

There was but little fear, I thought to myself, of such an occurrence.

I was mistaken however.

Just as I had made all my preparations, and held my little black bonnet in my hand, a rap came at the door.

It was Gladys.

Whether her conscience reproached her, whether she was afraid that she and Daisy had gone too far, I cannot tell, but she had sought me of her own free will.

"Laurie, I wish to see you," she said.

I answered that I was engaged, and could not be disturbed.

I had sworn not to look upon any of their faces again, and I meant to keep my word.

"I should like to speak to you," she urged.

"You can wait until tomorrow, Miss Ullswater," I answered, laughing bitterly to myself, as I thought "to-morrow" would surely be soon enough for one who wished to see me dead.

It was uncourteous doubtless, but I could not have endured to speak to her.

I know now that both Daisy and herself were frightened at what they had said, and that she was deputed to set matters right with me.

But it was too late; my plans were made.

She went away.

Then I felt that I should be secure for many hours.

I should be in London before they missed me; and, when I was missed, no one would care much about the fact, except for appearance sake.

All this time I neither ate nor drank.

There was a strange confusion in my mind, a strange trembling in my limbs; yet I never thought of illness or recognized its symptoms.

In the distance I could hear the sound of music, laughter, and song.

From the servants' hall came a hum of cheerful voices.

I seemed to be alone in a world of sorrow and gloom.

I stole down the servants' staircase and went out by one of the side-doors; I closed it carefully behind me, and then I was free alone in the world.

The night was dark and the wind cold. There were no stars, and there was only a faint pallid light from the moon.

The boughs of the great trees rustled with a mournful sound, the wind sobbed and moaned round them.

I walked quietly for some few minutes, and then turned to look my last at the grand old home that had no loved memories for me.

Lights shone brightly from the windows; the tall towers, the great arched windows, the delicate tracery clad in clinging ivy, showed in the pale moonlight.

My heart, then, went out to the grand old pile.

After all, hated and contemned as I might be, I was the daughter of the house; and for a few minutes ancestral pride burned in my veins.

How had the lords of this grand old pile sought death?

By dagger and sword on the battle-field; in savage combat by sea and land.

And I, in whose veins their blood ran, knew not how to seek or how to find it.

So, with the bitterness of outraged love, the chill to deadly despair, I went slowly away from the home where my rival was soon to reign supreme.

I had little trouble in finding my way to the station.

It was the first time in my life that I had been out at night and alone; but the novelty and sense of freedom kept me up, and I felt that it mattered little to me whether I was recognised or not.

I reached London, and, like one in a dream, made my way to a hotel.

I can remember a dreadful feeling of coming illness—deadly languor, terrible aching in my limbs, faintness, loathing of all food.

I can remember a compassionate chamber-maid at the hotel telling me that I looked very ill, and had better rest: but I laughed in her face, for illness was the only means by which death could come to me: still I must do what I had to do first. The girl started back, frightened by my wild laughter, and said no more.

Presently I was lying in a pleasant room, where a cheerful fire burned and a bright night-lamp cast no weird shadows. I had taken no note of the flight of time; it seemed to me but a few minutes since I was lying in my own room at Yatton.

All night long sounded in my ears the words—

"I am sure Lance must wish her dead," "The best thing she could do for us all would be to die," "I wish that she were dead."

Morning came, and as in a dream I recall some one standing by me with tea and toast.

I turned from it with a faint shudder, and a faint voice spoke pityingly to me. Then there was a slight stir in my room, and the manageress of the hotel came to me, and said that I was far from well.

Had she not better send for my friends? I was so young to be alone.

The words seemed a mockery to my poor dazed brain.

My friends!

Heaven help me, in all the wide world where should I find one?

My relatives wished me dead, in order that they might share my money. I could only look despairingly at her, my eyes dim with unshed tears.

How I got away from the hotel I do not remember.

From the moment that I looked into the friendly face bending over me until I stood in the lawyer's office and saw Mr. Norton standing by me with wonder on his face is all a blank.

"Lady Laurie!" he said.

"You here, and alone? What has brought you?"

"I wanted to see you," I replied. "I require some business done."

"You look very ill," he remarked.

"Never mind that," I said impatiently. "I want you to do something for me, Mr. Norton.

"You told me, you may remember, when my father's will was read, that if I needed a friend I was to come to you; and I have taken you at your word."

"I will do anything I can for you Lady Laurie," he said.

He looked puzzled and perplexed.

"Will you sit down, and tell me what you wish?"

But I stood before him, the fire of fever in my brain and in my veins.

"No; I am too restless, too anxious to speak.

"Answer me quickly.

"My father, the late Earl of St. Asaph, left three hundred thousand pounds, which was to have been divided equally between the present Earl and his sisters instead of that, I received half, and they received half. I want to know how I can legally and formally give that money back to them."

"Give it back to them!" he cried. "Lady Laurie, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I intend to give it back to them.

"Never mind why. I have a secret reason.

"Nothing that you can say will change my views; nothing will alter my determination.

"Tell me how it is to be done—that is all I want to know."

"You must not do it, Lady Laurie," he said.

"It is the act of a mad woman."

He looked with fixed determination into my face; with equal determination I looked at him.

"You know what the St. Asaphs are," I said.

"Why seek to oppose me?

"Nothing in this world can change my determination to give this money back to them; and, if you will not make the transfer for me, some one else must. I come to you because you knew my father and you offered to help me. There are hundreds of other lawyers who will do it for me if you decline."

"Let us talk the matter over. If you give this money away, what shall you do yourself?

"What shall you live upon?"

"I shall not want it," I replied. "Believe me, I shall never want one shilling of it."

"Why not?" he asked, eyeing me curiously.

"Are you going to be married?"

"No; but I shall never want the money. Tell me, how can I convey it to them so that it may be legally theirs?"

"There are two ways," he said, after a moment's thought—"the first is by a deed of gift; the second, by making a will in their favor."

"And that would not come into force till my death," I remarked.

He looked more puzzled than ever.

"Of course, a will does not come into force until the person who makes it dies," he said; "and you have a long life before you, Lady Laurie, I hope."

I knew that death would be welcome to me.

But he could never guess with what purpose I had left home.

"Which takes the longer to prepare," I asked—"a deed of gift or a will?"

"A deed of gift," he replied.

"Then I will make my will, Mr. Norton." As he still looked irresolute, I added, "You can please yourself about undertaking it. If you do not some one else will. My time is precious; I cannot wait."

"Do trust me, Lady Laurie," he said. "You are tall and womanly; but, my dear, you are little more than a child in your seventeenth year.

"This is but the end of October, your father died in June, and you want to give away the fortune he left you only four months ago.

"You cannot realize what you contemplate doing."

Only four months!

It was true, but during that brief interval I had learned to love with a love that was my doom.

My heart had been wiled from me by the beauty of a man's face and—a kiss; and the man I had learned so to love wished me dead!

"I cannot say that I was your father's friend, Lady Laurie—he was one of those men who had no friends; but let me be yours," Mr. Norton urged, coming nearer to me.

"You tell me nothing, but I see that something has gone wrong in your life. Has it anything to do with your mother?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"You cannot help me in any way except by making my will. If you decline to do that, say so to me at once, and I will go elsewhere."

"You wish," he said, "to divide the hundred and fifty thousand pounds equally between your cousins?"

"Yes, that is all; it is simple enough. Just one thing more. I wish to leave all my jewels—and I have some very fine ones—to the future Countess of St. Asaph."

"The future Countess of St. Asaph!" he repeated quickly.

"Why, is the——"

Then he paused and looked at me, with new meaning in his eyes.

After that he raised no further objections.

I have wondered since whether he read my childish secret in my woe-begone face.

"How long shall you be?" I asked, seeing that he was about to relent.

"Not long. What you require is very simple.

"I will draw up the will and you will sign it."

He sat down and was soon engrossed in writing.

I stood still, my brain burning with fever, haunted still by those miserable words, "The best thing she can do for Lance is to die."

I should not be the first of the race who had died for the man she loved.

The beautiful passionate face in the picture-gallery seemed before me, the face of the woman who had stretched out her arms and received in her breast the wound meant for her husband. She had died for the man she loved; I was going to follow her example.

I remembered how once, in the bright days that would never return, Lance had asked me if I could do as Lady Laurie had done; and, looking into his face, I had almost longed to die for him, to show him by my deed how dearly I loved him.

I could die for him now; and suddenly death, which had seemed to me all sorrow and darkness, gloom and despair, appeared in my eyes an enviable fate.

The fire of the fever consuming me and doubtless something to do with the glow of inspiration that I felt.

I was going to die for the man I loved, my fair Lance, my bonny Earl, my handsome brave young lover.

Lady Maud would live, but I should die, for him.

"What are you saying, Lady Laurie?" asked Mr. Norton, turning suddenly to me; and then became painfully conscious of the sound of my own voice. I was talking aloud, without knowing in the least what I was doing.

"Have you nearly finished?" I asked.

Anxious to complete my sacrifice, I was growing impatient, while the fever burned more quickly, more fiercely in my veins.

The will was finished, and two clerks witnessed my signature.

Once more I stood looking at the lawyer.

"Well, Lady Laurie," he said, "you have made your will, and have left to your cousins fifty thousand pounds each. Now tell me what I am to do with it."

"Copy it, place the will itself in safety, and then send the copy to Lord St. Asaph."

In spite of myself, my lips whitened as I uttered the name.

"Tell him that by the time that copy reaches him they will be able to claim the money."

He looked unutterably shocked.

"But, Lady Laurie," he said, in a tone of amazement, "what are you going to do?"

"Time will show," I answered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wait a Little.

BY PERCY VERE.

A PICTURESQUE old house in a neglected garden, a vine-wreathed window, and a young girl lying on the low-cushioned seat of its embrasure, hidden from the room within by a rusty red curtain.

She would have been pretty if she had not been so pale and listless.

Certainly the faint, momentary smile which the shy confidence of a little gray bird in the woodbine brought out was most charming.

The girl was idly watching the little creature.

She had a sheet of music in her slim fingers.

Her eyelids were red, as if she had been recently crying.

So still was she that the bird continued to adjust the dried-grasses of its nest without fear.

The balmy May wind lifted the tendrils of soft, brown hair, but did not otherwise disturb her utter inactivity.

For an hour she had sat there—ever since her uncle, M. Bozarth, had fallen asleep upon his sick bed in the adjacent chamber. The girl had not been crying for him—no, she did not love him.

Even in sickness he was tyrannical, cruel, as he had ever been.

He kept his fiddle bow upon the bed to rap her knuckles when she did not wait upon him quick enough.

She was very tired.

For three nights she had sat up a greater part of the time.

The doctor told her M. Bozarth was going to die, so she was full of dread and fear, but not grieved or fearing the bereavement, although when M. Bozarth was gone she would be all alone.

She was an orphan, and for the last four years he had supported her, after a fashion, and taught her music.

She had a beautiful voice—pure and delicious.

She sang when she was bidden, and sometimes to please herself in pleasing their landlord, Alan Dunleith.

He was a handsome man.

He had keen blue eyes and a smile that was very gentle.

He seldom spoke to her, but he came across the garden sometimes of an evening to drink a bottle of wine with M. Bozarth, and listen to his adventures in France and Italy.

They talked about music, the drama, and the old masters.

M. Bozarth was selfish and harsh, but he was no fool.

Two years before, he had hired Mulberry Cottage, and he and Alan Dunleith had always agreed very well. Only this girl, Theresa, had been alone.

M. Bozarth was away all day and most of the night, busy with his musical engagements in the city.

They kept one maid, whom the girl would have turned to for society in her extremity, but she, too, was cross.

The poor girl saw no kind face but Alan Dunleith's.

She had come to worship that.

She dreamed of it at night; waited from day to day until she saw it, though the owner seldom gave her more than a courteous "Good evening, Miss Tessie!"

But he always remembered to say "good evening" again, after she had played and sang for him, and the smile he turned on her seemed kinder.

And then she would watch his fine, stalwart figure going down the garden, listen as he whistled an air she had been playing, and wait for the next visit.

No one dreamed of all this; perhaps she did not realize it herself; and it was not at all strange.

The little grey bird was very quiet building its nest, and Tessie was extremely tired.

Suddenly she realized that she had been dozing, for there were voices in the chamber, and she did not know when her uncle had awakened or when Alan Dunleith had come in.

"No, I do not know what will become of her when I am gone," M. Bozarth was saying. "I have little to leave.

"But she has her voice and her knowledge of music.

"She must make her own way.

"A very perilous position for a girl so lovely.

"Perhaps, Mr. Dunleith; but it is too late for me to make any provision for her now.

"She must take her chances, the same as I did."

"But she is a young girl, and a very delicate and sensitive one, Monsieur Bozarth. It is different."

M. Bozarth, made a faint, inarticulate reply.

"Will you trust her to me? I would like to marry her," said Alan Dunleith, after a moment.

"Eh? Oh yes.

"But she is very young."

"I consider her youth; but I think I understand her.

"I believe I could make her happy. Then you give your consent?"

"Yes, yes," wearily.

What more they said, Tessie did not know.

There was no lack of life and energy in her air now.

She sat erect, with wide eyes and flaming cheeks for a moment; then, her heart beating in great shocks, she slipped out of the window, flung herself upon the turf of the terrace, and disappeared among the rank shrubbery of the garden—disappeared from the view of the house, but not from her own terrified consciousness.

Alan Dunleith marry her—her?

She was burning hot to the tips of her fingers with shame.

Then, as she read her aching heart and knew the truth, she uttered a heartrending cry and sank down upon the grass, pale and faint.

She buried her face in the moss and violets.

"I love him—I would give all the world to be fit to marry him!

"But he shall never marry me because he pities me.

"I would rather kill myself first!" with violence.

Then, with a pitiful cry—

"I will run away!" I cannot—I will not—see him again!"

And actually, the impulsive, morbidly-sensitive, undisciplined girl sprang to her feet, ran into the back hallway, snatched a shawl and hat, and turned her back on the only home she knew.

It was not so hard; she had never loved it.

She went rapidly down the green road until the stage overtook her, when she sprang aboard with satisfaction seeing the chimneys of Mulberry Cottage disappear in the distance.

* * * * * *

Tessie had passed about two years in the city.

Beyond almost immediately sending a note to her uncle that she was well and at work copying music—that she hoped he would forgive her for leaving him, but she could not do otherwise—she had had no communication with her old home.

She had fortunately been found useful in a music publisher's establishment.

She earned her bread, and ate it moistened with tears, but she never ceased to feel joy that Alan Dunleith had not married her for pity.

The energy of earning her livelihood improved her. She gained confidence, force, color.

Mr. Thorne, her employer, fancied her looks, heard her voice at last, and paid her unusual attention, in which there would have been no harm if he had been faultless.

But his money covered a multitude of sins, and one day Tessie slipped from his employ and his knowledge, and, innocent and safe, went to reside with an old woman who had nursed her mother in her last sickness—an humble but honest old creature, to whom Tessie gave her confidence, while aunt Gale gave her a home.

"You're a good, brave girl, that your mother'd be proud of this day, if she were alive, Miss Tessie," she said; "and Heaven bless the day that you found me out, for I need your bright face sorely."

And now Tessie went out by the day, giving music lessons.

She liked this better.

She made acquaintances, found variety, yet kept herself intact from the world. She had a strange joy, which she hardly understood, when people complimented her on her beauty, her grace, her tact.

In these directions she had advanced much.

She was an elegant and intelligent girl, very different from what she had been, and she knew it.

Musical people cultivated her.

She went out, and aunt Gale constituted herself a sort of dragon, and was always on hand to see her safely home.

"Miss Tessie Verney's maid," people called her, though Tessie said—

"She is not a servant, but an old friend with whom I live."

Where Miss Verney lived no one knew for a long time, and Mr. Thorne, meeting her repeatedly in society, followed her home at a distance, unsuspected, and learned the place of her abode.

It was a small, old-fashioned house, in a narrow street, but the neighborhood was quite respectable, and aunt Gale had paid for it out of her savings, and the means left her by her sailor-husband, and in it Tessie was secure.

He made business an excuse and called. But the girl in the low, old-fashioned parlor, would have none of him.

Her time was fully occupied—she could undertake nothing in the way of his pretext; and, baffled, bewitched, and determined to overcome her indifference, he came again and asked her hand in marriage.

"Do not be hasty. I have a fortune; you can adorn it," he said, looking into her cold exquisite face.

"You are going to refuse, but wait, and let me come again. Give yourself time to consider."

Tessie consented to this, though her decision she knew to be unalterable, even when aunt Gale wavered.

"Marriage—he offers you marriage, child! Well, that is an honor; and he is a very rich man, you tell me?

"Perhaps it would be wisdom to accept. You say no.

"Tell me why?"

"I knew a good man once.

"I am indifferent to all others," Tessie said quietly.

And the proud Mr. Thorne received the politest of dismissals.

The year passed, and another and another.

It was five years since Tessie, a shy girl of sixteen, had run away from Alan Dunleith and his pity.

Three months later she heard of her uncle's death.

He had left her none of his little property.

He had never intended to.

She was not disappointed.

She had been glad to find the world was wide enough for both.

She was far happier now.

She and the strong old woman mutually benefited each other.

The latter was shrewd and faithful.

The young girl, with her beauty, her music, her future, enriched her life.

She was proud of her, loved her, and Tessie returned her affection.

She filled the stiff, still old rooms with music, books, and flowers.

The small-paned windows were hung with vines.

Dingy as the house looked without, it was a bower of living green within.

"I'd never have patience to tend an' fix the flowers myself, but I like to see them, Tessie," the old woman would say.

One day, from the cavity of a blue delf teapot, on an upper shelf of an unused closet, she produced a package.

"Look at these, dear. They're some seeds my old man brought from Japan years ago.

"I don't know what they'll make—posies of some kind."

"I'll plant them and see," replied Tessie, looking at the package of queer, three-cornered brown things.

She put them in a pot of earth and watered them.

"These seeds are old. They are like my hope, and will hardly bear fruition," she mused.

She watched anxiously to see shoots appear.

"If the seeds grow, I will take courage," she said to herself. Tessie had begun to understand herself.

She still loved Alan Dunleith, and hoped again to meet him.

If she met him now, perhaps—perhaps there would not be so much dissimilarity.

On the fifteenth day, pale, pearly shoots broke the earth, and quickly took on a tinge of green.

A color like the rose came into Tessie's cheeks at the sight.

Day by day the frail things grew, overrunning the pot with waxy foliage and great buds.

"See what large, rich buds, aunt Gale; and I think they are going to bloom into some bright color."

"You think more of that plant than of all the others," answered the old woman, looking at her curiously.

Tessie bent closer. Yes, the buds sheathed petals of red.

She came down late to breakfast the next morning, but had hardly seated herself at the nice repast, before she sprang up, nearly overturning her cup of chocolate.

A wonderful glow of scarlet irradiated the window.

Five of the buds had opened.

The flowers were of marvellous beauty, of pure, glowing color, velvety in texture, wide and perfect.

Already people had gathered in the street before the window to gaze at them.

"Five," mused Tessie. "I wonder if the number has a significance?"

Every day the flowers multiplied, until they drooped in a cascade of fire towards the pane.

One day a gentleman, passing hastily, caught sight of them and stopped.

Then he turned and rang the little door-bell.

Aunt Gale answered it.

The beautiful plant in the window—it was a very rare one, which he had tried for years to add to his collection. Could he purchase a slip of it?

Aunt Gale showed the gentleman into the breakfast-room, where Tessie, all grace and brightness, stood petting a canary.

She turned her head, the smile still in her eyes and saw Alan Dunleith.

"Tessie!"

Loving, approving, tender, he looked into the lovely face, grown so suddenly sober, and extended both hands.

And Tessie hesitated but a moment before she laid hers, melting and fair in them.

"You have found me," she said unconsciously.

"I have come for the *superba*," he said. "Shall I have it?"

"Wait a little," she answered.

But her shy eyes did not tell him nay.

Her blush was eloquent; and as they turned towards the bed of scarlet flowers, both were sure that all this time they had loved each other.

Bric-a-Brac.

NEAT JEWELRY.—A Turin jeweler has made a boat, formed from a single pearl, with a sail of beaten gold studded with diamonds. The binnacle light at its prow is a ruby, and an emerald serves as a rudder. Its stand is a slab of ivory. The whole weighs less than half an ounce, and the price is $5000.

ABOUT MONKEYS.—This is a recent ordinance in the town of Bellary, India: "Resolved, that as the loose monkeys in the town have become exceedingly troublesome, by attacking women and children carrying eatables, and overturning the tiles of the roofs of the houses, in the town, these animals be caught and sent out into the jungles, and that arrangements be made that monkeys may not receive any injury while being seized.

ANIMAL CHIEFS.—Amongst their many curious fancies, Arabs believe "that every race of animals is governed by its chiefs, to whom the others are to pay obeisance. The king of the crocodiles holds his court at the bottom of the Nile, near Siout. The king of the Fleas lives at Tiberias, in the Holy Land, and deputations of illustrious Fleas from other countries visit him on a certain day in his palace, situated in the midst of beautiful gardens under the Lake of Gennesareth."

WASHINGTON'S STYLE.—President Washington never went to Congress on public business except in a state coach drawn by six cream-colored horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throng even now in the streets of the city. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with Cupids surrounded with flowers worthy of Florida and of fruit not to be equalled out of California. The coachman and postillions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—It has always been a puzzle for thrifty persons what to do with used postage-stamps. A Benedictine monk has solved the mystery; he has papered the walls of the visitors' parlor of his monastery in a most ingenious and effective manner. In three months he collected eight hundred thousand stamps, sorted them according to their colors, and then arranged them in a variety of animal and other designs, such as flowers, mottoes, and inscriptions, together with the date of the day the task was finished.

EMERSON AND LONGFELLOW.—There is a touch alike of poetry and pathos in an anecdote told of the late R. W. Emerson. Only a week or two before his death he stood by the open grave of the poet Longfellow, his friend for many years. On his return after the funeral ceremony, he said, "That gentleman whose funeral we have been attending was a sweet and beautiful soul; but I forget his name." The failing memory of Emerson was unable to retain the "external" of the dead poet, but the intellectual and moral beauty left an unfailing trace on the kindred mind.

THE WHOLE HOG.—Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Wittenberg, who for a wager, would eat a whole sheep or a whole pig or a bushel of cherries, including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or, at least, to munch, into small fragments, glass, earthenware and flints. He preferred birds mice and caterpillars, but when he could not get these delicacies he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink and sand pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the ink-stand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly 20 years in a more rational way.

MARRIAGE FEES.—The story of a New York pastor who was in the act of admiring a $20 gold piece which he had received for a marriage fee when a messenger from the groom arrived to exchange it for a small bill, reminds a correspondent of an incident in the clerical experience of the Rev. Christopher Corey, of La Grange County, Indiana. Several years ago on a very cold day that excellent man rode on horseback a distance of six miles to perform a marriage ceremony. As he was about starting for home, having duly authorized the two hearts to beat as one, a coin was placed in his hand. He dropped it into his pocket and rode away. When he got home he looked at it and lo! it was an old-fashioned copper cent. The next morning the groom appeared at his door, and, having explained with considerable embarrassment how the annoying mistake had been made, took back the cent and handed the clergyman a quarter.

THE OLDEST BANK-NOTES.—The oldest bank-notes are the "flying money," or "convenient money," first issued in China, 2697 B. C. Originally these notes were issued by the treasury, but experience dictated a change to the system of banks under government inspection and control. The early Chinese "greenbacks" were in all essentials similar to the modern bank-notes bearing the name of the bank, the date of issue, the number of the note, the signature of the official issuing it, indication of its value in figures, in words, and in the pictorial representation of coins or heaps of coins equal in amount to its face value, and a notice of the pains and penalties for counterfeiting. Over and above all was a laconic exortation to industry and thrift—"Produce all you can; spend with economy." The notes were printed in blue ink on paper made from the fibre of the mulberry tree. One issued in 1390 B. C. is preserved in the Asiatic Museum at St. Petersburg.

BECAUSE IT'S YOU.

If I could have my dearest wish fulfilled,
And take my choice of all earth's treasures, too,
Or choose from Heaven whatsoe'er I willed,
I'd ask for you.

No man I'd envy, neither low nor high,
Nor king in castle old or palace new,
I'd hold Golconda's mines less rich than I,
If I had you.

Toil and privation, poverty and care,
Undaunted, I'd defy, nor fortune woo,
Having my wife, no jewel else I'd wear,
If I had you.

Little I'd care how lovely she might be,
How graced with every charm, how fond, how true,
E'en though perfection, she'd be naught to me
Were she not you.

There is more charm for my true loving heart,
In everything you think, or say, or do,
Than all the joys that heaven could e'er impart,
Because it's you.

THE MYSTERY OF BRITELEIGH HALL.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED]

TYING this and the blank leaves, along with a piece of stout twine for her use in future communications, in a roll with one of my pencils, and extinguishing my candle, I reopened the window.

All was quiet without; and attaching her white handkerchief to the end of my walking-stick, I thrust it out, and waved it backwards and forwards several times. The signal was perceived.

The casement above was softly opened, and the line was again let down.

Looping my note safely to the line, I had the satisfaction of seeing it ascend to its destination.

It was eagerly clutched by the occupant above; her window was again softly closed; and I retired—but not to sleep, for every sense was straining with tumultuous excitement.

On the following evening, faithful to my promise, I was at my window a few minutes before ten.

As the Hall clock boomed the last stroke, I felt a small roll of paper secure in my hand, and as before, retired to peruse it.

GENEROUS SIR.—I am most wretched. Oh, help me, for the love of humanity! I am threatened with the most horrible fate, unless I consent to be dragged into a union with the younger Wintock, whom I utterly loathe; or to make over the greater part of my property to him and his father. They have more than once hinted at immuring me in a private lunatic asylum for life. Such things have been done. At times I feel as if I really were insane. Can you not procure assistance, and free me from these wretches? Surely the law is sufficiently powerful to protect you in aiding a defenceless, but grossly abused and oppressed lady. I have now been here several years, and hope is all but extinguished. They have kept me constantly locked up in my room since the night I succeeded in reaching yours, as I had hoped undetected. Previous to then, I was only confined to the upper suite of apartments. I entreat you not to desert me. Oh, contrive some means of setting me free; and earn the everlasting gratitude of M. WINTOCK.

P. S.—I will let down for your reply at this time to-morrow evening, unless prevented.—Beware of Benetti.

"Well," thought I, "this is an adventure. But how is it to be accomplished?"

After much consideration, I fancied that I had hit upon a scheme, and determined to communicate it to Miss Wintock, and, if she thought it feasible, put it in practice without delay.

It met with her approbation, and we at once proceeded to execute it.

The plan, however, required delicate handling, with courage, calmness, and resolution to carry it out.

I told her the nature of the responsibility I should incur in deserting my post: but she urged me to undertake her release at all hazards, promising herself to liquidate any liabilities which might arise in consequence, so soon as she should be restored to the outer world and able to assume the disposition of her property.

She had been detained a prisoner in the Hall since she was seventeen years of age. She had now just turned twenty-one. Her guardian had therefore no longer any legal authority over her.

I felt that the urgency and peculiarity of the case would insure me lenient judgment, if not condonation for my breach of trust, in the minds of all right-thinking men.

"Be ready at two to-morrow morning," was my last billet, forwarded in the usual manner, "while the Wintocks are probably asleep. Keep up your courage, and leave the rest to me."

I chose the hour of two o'clock in the morning for attempting the rescue of the young lady, as having the greatest chance of success; for notwithstanding Mr. Wintock's hint that the family disliked being disturbed at night, I had discovered that he and his son were in the habit of spending some part of it from home—where, I cannot say, but probably in some kind of dissipation.

Both went out about nine o'clock.

Mr. Wintock usually returned about one. His son was much more uncertain.

I have said that the entire edifice, and especially the roofs, were of very irregular build, and that my room was situated at an angle of the house.

On the other side of the angle was a suite of rooms but little used, the window of one of them being exactly on a level with Miss Wintock's, and about six feet distant from it, and to which room I discovered I could find access.

Immediately above the room in question was a lumber-room, with a ladder from the floor to the trap-door opening out upon the roof.

Carefully watching an opportunity the next day, I slipped into the lumber-room, in which, among other things, were a number of tools of various descriptions, and armed myself with a couple of stout screw-drivers, with which I retreated, after noting that the ladder might easily be removed. A little before two o'clock found me cautiously issuing from my apartment and stealthily creeping towards this part of the building.

I did not much fear any alarm from the dog, as during my stay he had been kept chained up in the other part of the mansion. I suppose Mr. Wintock had profited by my hint respecting the animal.

Possessing myself of the ladder, I very quietly removed it to the room whose window I have described as being opposite to and on a level with Miss Wintock's.

The next were moments of breathless anxiety and suspense.

Slowly opening the window, I waved her own white kerchief—the signal agreed upon between us—and her window was then as noiselessly raised.

I then proceeded to push the ladder very gently across until it rested upon the sill of hers, forming a narrow bridge from window to window.

She was at her post, and grasping the top staff, held it firmly.

Seating myself astride, I gradually shifted a few inches at a time until I reached her.

The Hall clock struck two as I stepped softly into her room, immediately withdrawing the ladder and closing the window. She was greatly agitated, and trembled violently.

Taking my hand in both her own, she whispered a few words of impassioned thanks; and then we addressed ourselves to the task of getting out of and away from the house silently and safely.

This we both felt would be no easy matter; for not only was the door of her own room locked, but also that of the room into which it opened, and through which we must pass before gaining the corridor which led to the staircase.

Force I dare not use, because of the noise; and indeed it would have been difficult to force the doors, as both were of stout oak.

Hence my provision of the screw-drivers.

The screws were rusted with age, and I was too little skilled in carpentry to work in the dark.

I therefore lighted a candle I had brought with me, and labored heavily for about an hour, Miss Wintock bending over me to aid me with its light, until her long raven hair rested carelessly on my shoulder, she holding and shading the candle with my hat, lest its reflection should betray us to any one out of doors, as George Wintock in his return home from his midnight revels might observe it in crossing the park. At length I was successful; the last screw of the second door yielded.

Extinguishing the light, we paused a few minutes to listen, and then stepped softly out into the dark corridor, I leading the van pistol in hand, and Miss Wintock leaning heavily on my arm.

Along the corridor and down the richly carpeted staircase we went on tip toe and with bated breath, lest the echoes of that gloomy old mansion should arouse her jailers.

Every instant we expected the dog to give tongue.

The night was cloudy; but suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and for a few seconds illumined the sombreness of the antique entrance-hall.

I felt Miss Wintock start and shudder, press my arm and cling still closer to me, with the confidence of a child.

It made my heart leap, and every drop of blood in my veins thrilled with a feeling of rapturous delight, hitherto unknown to me. I seemed for the moment to have the strength of twenty men, and almost longed to do battle on her behalf.

We stood for a moment in the hall, undecided whether to try one of the long passages, or at once seek egress by the principal entrance.

We chose the latter.

Softly we passed across the polished oaken floor, and I began slowly and with extreme caution to undo the fastenings.

Gently, one by one, each bolt and bar was withdrawn, the huge lock was turned, and the ponderous door swung heavily upon its hinges.

Greatly exhilarated at our success, I turned to my companion with a whispered word of encouragement on my lips, when an unseen enemy struck me a tremendous blow on the head, driving me through the open door-way like a ball from a wicket, and felling me like a log upon the gravel-walk beyond.

At the same instant a succession of piercing shrieks, so wild, so heartrending, and despairing, burst from Miss Wintock, that it seemed as if her reason was passing away in a continuation of convulsive efforts to regain her liberty.

How long I lay insensible upon that cold gravel-walk I cannot say, but it could not have been many minutes.

Probably my assailant was for the time too fully occupied in securing the re-captured lady to be able to inflict any further injury upon me.

When I regained consciousness, the moon was obscured, and it was intensely dark, not a star being visible.

Bruised, sore, and bleeding, I gathered myself up as best I could, and endeavored to collect my thoughts.

But in what manner to act for the best, puzzled me.

Should I wait till dawn, then hasten to the village, and endeavor to procure assistance in rescuing the young lady?

For several reasons, I discarded this idea. Besides, I had in fact deserted my duty, and in justice to my employer, ought never to have attempted leaving the house. What was I to do?

CHAPTER III.

AS I mused for a moment after my discomfiture, the singular construction of the roofs, as they appeared to me on my first view of them, recurred to me.

"The very thing!" I said to myself. "It will be very odd if I don't manage to get into that house again."

With me to resolve was to act; and I immediately dived into the shrubbery, in order to work my way quietly and unseen to the back of the premises.

It was well that I did so; for scarcely was I concealed by the foliage, when the front door was again opened, and George Wintock and Benetti—the former bearing a light—stepped out upon the gravel-walk, and commenced making a circuit of the premises.

Holding my breath, and crawling upon hands and knees into deeper shade, I contrived to avoid them.

At length, apparently satisfied, after their scrutiny, that I had made off, they retired into the house.

I overheard enough of their conversation, however, to inform me that it was Benetti's hand which had struck me to the earth. I watched the window of George Wintock's bedroom till I saw by his shadow on the window-blind that he had entered.

After a while, the light was extinguished, and I concluded that he had retired to rest.

I knew that he, his father, and the Italian were heavy sleepers, as they were accustomed to indulge in deep potations at night.

How it came about that Benetti had discovered and frustrated my scheme, I never was able to fathom.

Having reached that part of the premises which I judged most convenient for my attempt—a low abutment, used as a wood-house—I lost no time in climbing on to its roof, which I was able to do very easily, as its lowest edge was not more than seven feet from the ground.

Fortunately, none of the rooms in which the inmates slept looked out upon that particular angle, so that I did not much fear detection.

It could only make progress noiselessly, and attain the higher roof before daylight, I could then hide behind its high parapet. Dark as was the night, or rather morning, it was sufficiently light for me to see what I was about.

Slowly and with some difficulty, I pulled myself from roof to roof till I reached a stack of chimneys that rose side by side a few feet from the parapet, and which had been belted with an iron girdle, and fastened with thick iron rods to the wall just below it.

By the aid of the rods, I managed to reach the parapet just as the dawn began to break.

Here I was compelled, from sheer exhaustion, to lie down a short time and rest in the leaden gutter inside.

Truly, I was but in a sorry plight—my apparel soiled from crawling in the shrubbery, and from clambering over the dirty roofs, and saturated with the blood that had flowed freely from the blow I had received.

I began also to feel extremely faint from exertion, loss of blood, and the excitement.

What would become of me if strength failed me?

I might lie and die and rot on the summit of this old mansion before any one discovered me.

Yet not for one moment did a thought cross my mind of showing the white feather and giving up the adventure; my feelings were, indeed, too much overwrought for this, partly by an almost blind infatuation for the hapless Miss Wintock, and partly by that longing desire to retaliate, which, whether rightly or wrongly, is generally felt by any one who has been worsted in an unfair manner.

A little rest and the cool morning air somewhat revived me, and I commenced creeping along the gutter.

With my pocket-knife I loosened the leaden frame of a pane in one of the garret windows, and extracted the glass; inserting my hand, I was able to undo the catch and obtain ingress.

Finding the coast clear, I glided softly down to my room, locked myself in, bathed my head and face, and taking a pull at my flask of creature-comfort, laid myself down awhile to rest my weary bones and aching head.

I was much bruised, yet could not help inwardly chuckling at the surprise the Wintocks and their swarthy coadjutor would experience during the course of the day, when they found that, in spite of his summary ejection, Jack Meredith was once more in possession.

And great was the consternation of Benetti, when, on waking about midday and feeling urgent need of refreshment, I walked down into the kitchen, where he and Martha were just sitting down to dinner.

Neither heard me approach, as I purposely trod softly.

Martha had just helped the Italian to a slice of mutton, when, slipping in, I coolly took a chair and seated myself at the table.

Both of them started and stared as if I had been a ghost.

"Very fine joint of mutton, indeed, Martha!

"It is so very deliciously cooked—not overdone.

"I should so like a taste just where it's so nicely browned on the under-side;" pointing as I spoke.

"Ah, you haven't a third plate.

"Never mind; I'll reach you one;" and I accordingly rose and handed her one from the dresser.

The Italian muttered something in his own language, which if translated would, I suspect, have been anything but complimentary.

"Extremely happy to see me at your social meal, no doubt you are, friend Benetti!

"And I reciprocate the affection most warmly.

"Here's to your very good health"—taking up the ale-jug from the table and filling myself a glass.

"Admirable!

"Right good stuff!" smiling and smacking my lips.

"Pray, Martha, don't let the mutton get cold;" seeing that she had not complied with my request.

"There's nothing in the world I dislike so much as cold mutton."

I could see that both were for the moment thunderstruck; and as I took up my plate and held it imploringly, Martha cut me the coveted slice.

"Now, a couple of potatoes and a few greens, with just the very lightest dash of gravy.

"Thank you, Martha; you are a good soul.

"I think in future I will always take my meals with you and Benetti, instead of giving you the trouble of waiting on me upstairs.

"It will save you a great many steps, and be so much more comfortable for us all; for it's rather lonely sitting up there by one's self so much."

My companions were first disposed to be morose; but seeing that I was determined to be on good terms with myself and them, they at last gave in, and we conversed reservedly.

I could see, however, by their occasional sly glances at my physiognomy, that both, and especially the Italian, derived considerable gratification in noting how severely I had been punished.

Acting up to my promise, I did not, during the remainder of the time I stayed at Briteleigh Hall trouble Martha to wait on me, having one object in view—namely, the discovery of Miss Wintock's whereabouts.

I did not think it probable that she still occupied the same room above my sleeping apartment, or she would have devised some method of giving me at least a light hint of it.

Every night I was at my old post—the window.

In vain I hummed and whistled every tune I knew.

In vain I looked up to catch some token of her presence.

I felt that she was not there.

She knew her case to be desperate; and if the window were fastened, failing other means, would doubtless have shivered a pane of glass as a signal.

Yet I was convinced that she was confined somewhere in the upper part of the mansion for two reasons.

Firstly, when I essayed to go up into the lumber-room on the following morning after I had effected my second entrance, I found the door at the top of the staircase locked, thus precluding all communication with the upper suite of apartments except by the back staircase.

How I wished that I had made the circuit of the roof, and peeped into every attic through its window, before descending to my own room; and yet I felt that perhaps I had acted for the best, as my strength would not have held out a great deal longer.

Secondly, I took occasion to observe that old Martha, when she thought herself unperceived, often put aside some of the best portions of her viands, as if for some other person.

With these she would suddenly disappear, but always in the evening.

I contrived to ascertain that she invariably made for the back staircase; and arranged my plan, desperate as it was, accordingly.

It was destined to be put into execution much earlier than I anticipated.

The fifth morning after my clamber over the roofs, Mr. Wintock requested my presence in his room.

As I entered the apartment I fancied that a smile of suppressed triumph flushed his countenance.

Addressing me in a grandiloquent, sneering style, he said:

"Good morning, Mr. Meredith.

"I am sorry that your stay at Briteleigh has been so protracted.

"But what cannot be helped, must be endured.

"I have been able to arrange my little affair with your principal, and consequently your presence here can now be dispensed with.

"I shall be glad if you will leave the premises at once."

Taken aback, I was at a loss for a moment or two for words to answer, as, from what I had heard previous to coming to Briteleigh, I had not the remotest idea that Mr.

Wintock would be able to liquidate the heavy demand upon him.

Had Miss Wintock at last, thoroughly crushed and broken in spirit, acceded to one of his propositions, and either consented to become the bride of his son, or signed some document which gave him absolute power over her property?

The thought was horrible.

Yet it might be so; for as I had not been able to effect any communication with her since that unfortunate night, her energies, physical and mental, might have collapsed in despair.

Mr. Wintock, seeing that I was rather dumfounded, at once followed up his advantage.

"I wish to make one observation before you go.

"You have interfered most unwarrantably and impertinently in the domestic arrangements of my family since you have been in the house, both in intruding yourself upon the privacy of a young lady resident here, and in endeavoring to facilitate her escape from her natural guardians.

"Possibly, you may not be aware that the young lady in question is a dangerous lunatic, and that a degree of wholesome restraint is absolutely necessary for her well-being and safety, though at times she may have apparently lucid intervals.

"I have no doubt you were misled by the craft peculiar to that sad affliction; hence, I am disposed to make due allowance for your extraordinary conduct.

"Otherwise, I should feel justified in communicating the circumstances to your employer, which would probably result in no very agreeable consequences to yourself.

"I may add, for your satisfaction, that the young lady will shortly be placed in a suitable institution, where she will be properly cared for.

"I hope, however, as you are a young man, that a due consideration of the extremely absurd manner in which you have acted, and the slight inconvenience you have suffered"—here, with a bland smile, he passed his hand significantly over the upper part of his face—"may prove a warning to you to conduct yourself more discreetly in the future.

He looked me full in the face and waved his hand toward the door.

How I repressed the fierce tempest of passion that inwardly shook me, I cannot tell.

"Sir," I replied, as calmly as I was able, "I am not in a position to doubt your word; but—"

"But what?" he angrily demanded.

"I tell you man, that I posted a check for the amount last evening, and that I expect a discharge by to-morrow's post.

"Will that satisfy you?

"You were ready enough, however, to leave it to suit your own insolent purpose," he hotly spurted out.

"But one day will make no difference, I daresay; therefore, to-morrow be it."

I bowed, and withdrew to the kitchen, indignant, bewildered, and with a sickening sensation at the heart.

I was completely foiled and beaten.

"The last night I shall be here—young lady mad—confined in a madhouse—tell my employer—slight inconvenience," kept echoing through my brain, till I felt dizzy with the whirl of confused thought, and I mechanically passed my hand over my face as Mr. Wintock had done.

The remembrance of the indignity enraged me beyond endurance; and I determined, if human craft could accomplish it, that I would trace out Miss Wintock that very night, and ascertain from her own lips whether, when I left the house, I could do anything for her.

Might not a solicitor, upon proper representation, take her case in hand, and forcibly obtain the release of her person from the hands who now held her in confinement?

Doubtless much energy and skill would be required; but the strong arm of the law was all-powerful.

Yes!

I *would* see her.

Old Wintock might storm and rave as he liked.

I should bid him farewell on the morrow; and if not—supposing I got my discharge and was thrown out of work—the world was wide, and I should be a kind of martyr—the cause of beauty in distress.

Putting a good face on matters, I told old Martha and Benetti that I was to depart on the morrow, as Mr. Wintock had settled all claims upon him.

It was evident by the covert smile on the face of each that the intelligence gave them great satisfaction.

In the course of the evening I sauntered out of the kitchen as if to go to my room; and no doubt, as I bade them good-evening, they concluded I had retired for the night.

Instead of doing so I quietly slipped up the back staircase.

Here, as in the other, there was a door at the top, which shut the upper range of apartments from the lower.

The staircase, however, was a great deal darker.

This door was also locked, confirming my suspicion that Miss Wintock was above stairs.

As is often the case in ancient mansions, there were several nooks and recesses in this old staircase.

Within one of these, on the landing, I ensconced myself and waited.

I did not much fear discovery, as old Martha's sight was none of the quickest, and she usually wore a bonnet and shawl in the evening, as she suffered somewhat from rheumatism.

At length I saw her coming hobbling up the stairs, bearing a lighted candle and a covered dish.

"All right, Jack; you're on the right scent," said I to myself.

"Lie close!"

And close I did lie as ever weasel in a hole.

Old Martha reached the landing, put down her dish and candle, drew the key from her pocket, and proceeded to unlock the door.

Then entering with her burden—which she again put down for a minute inside—was about to relock it, when I emerged from my hiding-place and stepped in also, shutting the door after me.

The old dame turned deadly pale and would have screamed, but my hand was on her mouth.

I learned that trick from Benetti when Miss Wintock was forcibly carried back from my room.

"Now, my dear soul, don't make a riot, because there is no need for it.

"I mean you no harm, and wouldn't hurt a hair of your old gray head for the world.

"I only want a little private conversation with you.

"There, now"—taking the key from her trembling hand, and transferring it to my pocket, after locking the door—"we can have it all quietly to ourselves without fear of interruption.

"It's no use, Martha," I added sternly, seeing that she was about to remonstrate. "It's my turn for a little while now. What is the use of your calling out? No one can possibly hear you."

Martha's teeth chattered and her knees trembled.

"What is it you want with me, man?" she asked.

"Now, be civil, old lady. No 'manning,' if you please.

"Just take up the dish and candle, and I will bear your company.

"I want a few minutes' speech with your young lady."

"I cannot! I dare not! Mr. Wintock would kill me."

"Stuff!

"He will do nothing of the kind. Besides, he is not obliged to know anything about it, unless you are silly enough to inform him."

Old Martha bent as if to pick up the dish and candle. There was a slight noise below.

Possibly Benetti had returned for a moment into the house for something.

"In an instant her mouth was at the keyhole.

She was about to shriek for assistance; but I was too quick for her.

"You treacherous old beldam," I whispered, "if you try that dodge again, I'll gag you.

"Now, just listen to me.

"I know all about the rascally doings in this house.

"I know that Miss Wintock is forcibly confined somewhere in one of these attics. She is no more insane than I am.

"That tale will not serve Mr. Wintock's purposes.

"To-morrow, I'm off to London; and I'll move earth, sea, and sky, till I set the authorities on the right track to find and release her.

"I know Mr. Wintock's motive—her property.

"He won't have a feather of it to fly with: he will be more likely to land in jail.

"You shall come in for your share of the punishment in illegally confining her in here.

"Let me see her for a few moments, and I promise you, on the word of a man, that whatever transpires, you shall be held free from blame."

After some further expostulation on her part, and renewed threats and promises on mine, Martha took her dish and candle and proceeded to Miss Wintock's apartment. I kept close to her, eyeing keenly every movement.

I felt that if only half a chance occurred, she would play me false.

Never shall I forget the sight that presented itself on my entering Miss Wintock's wretched garret.

Stretched on a miserably narrow pallet lay the beautiful but haggard girl, dressed as I last saw her, but with a stout leathern girdle belted tightly round her waist, and which, fastened with a thick strong cord passing round one of the bed-posts, effectually prevented her from moving except within a very limited area.

The casement was strongly barred on the inside, and the catch securely fastened. In this remote room, at the very top of the house, there was not the slightest opportunity of communicating with the world without.

Old Martha noticed the start I gave on first entering the room, and commenced a hypocritical whimpering.

"Indeed, Mr. Meredith, it's no fault of mine, nor could I help it. 'Tis all master's doing and Mr. George's, and I am too old and feeble to do anything but obey orders."

"Silence, woman!" I sternly retorted, as I thrust her into the only chair in the room and advanced to the side of the poor suffering and ill-used young lady.

The death-like pallor of her countenance, the drooping of the long dark eyelashes, and the listless rolling of the languid eyes, evinced the intense mental anguish that racked her.

The instant her eyes rested on me, a sharp tinge of joyful recognition escaped her, and she stretched out her hand. In the tumult of my distracted feelings, I seized it and pressed it warmly to my lips. A deep flush came rushing into her neck and face until she crimsoned to the temples. The next instant she was, if possible, even paler than before, and her short breathing told of the excitement under which she labored.

"O Mr. Meredith—I was afraid that—I thought—I hoped you would not desert me," she gasped.

"Not while I have life, dear Miss Wintock," was the prompt reply.

While I spoke, my pocket-knife was out, and I was sawing like a maniac at the cord to sever it.

Old Martha began to wring her hands and to remonstrate, but her remonstrances I speedily checked.

The cord was speedily cut through; and gently raising Miss Wintock to a sitting posture, I asked:

"Are you able to stand?"

"Yes; thank you, very much. At least I'll try."

She gave me one glance of appealing trustfulness, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Oh, take me away with you from this horrid place!

"I shall go really mad; I know I shall; I am so now, almost.

"Oh my poor brain!"

I tried my utmost to soothe her. Even old Martha aided me.

Perhaps her womanly feeling was touched; for I believe she was more the unlucky victim and tool of circumstances than of an intrinsically bad and hardened nature. She produced her old-fashioned smelling-bottle bathed Miss Wintock's hands and face, and induced her to eat some of the food she had brought; and I persuaded her, with some difficulty, to take a sip or two from my spirit flask, which I had previously put in my pocket in case of emergency.

At length the young lady became calmer. But I saw that it would be necessary to use extreme caution, or she would suffer a relapse, as she continued to entreat me, in the most pathetic language, not to leave her again in the power of the Wintocks.

I looked at my watch; it wanted about twenty minutes to nine.

Precisely at nine, in readiness for the evening ride, Mr. Wintock's gig and mare would be in the yard near the side-door, and Mr. George's horse very shortly afterwards.

Mr. Wintock would probably, as he often did, keep his gig waiting for him till a quarter past.

George Wintock would be off shortly afterwards.

Though I had spoken so confidently to Martha, I was not at all sure that some unlucky accident might not intervene if I remained where I was.

Benetti might miss Martha.

In fact, I was terribly uneasy and in a sad dilemma.

Stay where I was for any length of time, I dared not.

Leave Miss Wintock in her present state of mind I could not.

Indeed, I think she would have attempted to force her way with me, had I shown any inclination of leaving her.

A hasty and perhaps rash resolve took possession of me. If I could only get Miss Wintock below and conceal her till after the departure of the Wintocks, we might succeed in getting away unseen down to the village, where I hoped to house her safely and obtain assistance in protecting her; for surely none who knew her would refuse to aid; and even if discovered, I should then only have the Italian to deal with.

Our time had been singularly ill-chosen before.

We had waited till both Mr. Wintock and his son had returned home before making our attempt.

I again bent over Miss Wintock, and asked:

"Do you think you could walk a little?"—at the same time giving her a meaning look.

The rapid glance of intelligence with which she replied reassured me.

"Now, Martha," I said, "I'm extremely obliged to you for all you have done; and depend upon it, you shall not be forgotten. But I must have the loan of that bonnet and shawl for a little while;" removing the one from her head and the other from her shoulders.

"It's no use to resist, old lady! A wilful man must have his way, and so you may as well be quiet.

"Now, sit down again in that chair, and don't stir unless I bid you, for time is precious.

"'Pon my word, Miss Wintock, that bonnet becomes you as well as it does Martha;" placing it upon her head.

"Rather a left-handed compliment to you though.

"There; tuck up your hair safely out of sight in the crown; don't show any of it; on any account.

"Now for the shawl; close up to the throat—so.

"Here's a pin.

"That will do admirably. I declare I should not know you from Martha herself at a yard's distance, if I did not see your features.

"Now Martha, old girl, I'm just going to lock you in this room a little while—only a little while, you know, for I will leave the door on the landing open. Benetti will be sure to find you by-and-by; as, if you don't make your appearance below, he will no doubt seek you here, guessing that something has happened.

"Nay, Martha," as she rose from her seat in great trepidation: "I don't wish to do anything ungentlemanly. I do not at all fear your giving an alarm from the window; it is too strongly barred for you to force it.

"You wouldn't like to take Miss Wintock's place, I suppose?" pointing to the pallet from which I had released her. "Very well. Then keep quiet, and no harm will come to you of this. You can tell Mr. Wintock that you were overcome by stratagem and force, if you like.

"We will leave you the light, as we can do better without it."

The hint was sufficient.

Perhaps, too, in her heart the old creature might not be unwilling that her charge should escape.

Before I had done speaking, Miss Wintock and I were out in the long corridor. The door was locked on old Martha; while Miss Wintock carried the dish and cover, to enable her to impersonate Martha as faithfully as possible.

"Now for it once again," I said to my companion; "and I trust with better luck. But you must be as cool as you can, and keep your wits about you.

"A hitch now will spoil all.

"I fear that this is your last and only chance.

"Whenever you feel inclined to faint, think of your liberty or a lunatic asylum."

"Do not fear me," she whispered.

"I will do my utmost, or perish in the attempt.

"They shall not tear me from you a second time."

"Very good.

"Be as quick as you can, until we reach the last turn down near the bottom of the stairs.

"Then, if the coast is clear, I will go forward and reconnoitre."

Hurriedly whispering these and other hints, I led her to the turn of the stairs, and then went forward by myself.

A few seconds afterwards, Martha's double came limping down and along the passage into the scullery as directed.

The impersonation was excellent and complete, and but for the serious stake at issue, I could have laughed outright.

However, this was no time for indulgence in levity, but for nerve, watchfulness, and action.

The outer door of the kitchen passage stood open.

Benetti usually left it so while he went to get the horses and vehicle ready for his master.

I stole softly towards it, to get a bird's-eye view of what might be going on without, endeavoring the while to arrange some definite plan of proceeding.

A rapid glance informed me that the elder Wintock had not yet departed.

The gig, with the fine high-bred mare he was accustomed to drive, still stood in the yard.

The animal was a noble specimen, of great strength, speed, and spirit; but would stand as quietly as a lamb in the Hall-yard while awaiting its master's pleasure, though it required a strong hand to hold the ribbons when once upon the road.

Benetti was busily engaged in the stable saddling and bridling Mr. George Wintock's horse.

I could hear his "Whoa, Dandy!" and other ejaculations less amiable, in his broken English, as the animal seemed to be giving him some trouble.

In another five minutes he would bring him out into the yard equipped ready for his rider.

Instantaneously an idea whizzed through my brain like a flash of light, upsetting whatever of scheme or intention I might have already formed. In a second I was at the scullery-door.

"Whist!

"Now—quick.

"Here; take my arm.

"Jump into the gig the instant you reach it. Trust to me for the rest."

Miss Wintock looked up at me in wonderment, but immediately obeyed.

Out at the open door and across the yard with Miss Wintock on my arm.

"In with you, miss; quickly, for dear life!"

She needed no second admonition, but half lifted by me, sprang nimbly into the vehicle.

I was about to follow; but, as ill-luck would have it, we were not to get away so easily.

The mare, hearing our footsteps, began to paw the ground, impatient of delay; and the face of Benetti appeared at the stable-door.

Probably he thought his master had come out, and might require his services.

I should have been unconscious of the fact.

In stepping into the gig, Miss Wintock slightly turned her head and caught sight of the Italian's swarthy visage.

Her short suppressed cry and eager finger at once pointed out to me the cause of her terror.

Benetti comprehended the state of affairs at the first glance, and with a fierce whoop, came rushing at full speed to seize the mare's head.

There was no time for me to mount. Stepping forward a pace or two, and exerting my utmost strength, I dealt him a buffet which fairly balanced that which he had dealt me at the Hall door, followed up by a kick upon the shins, as he staggered backward and fell, literally yelling with agony.

The mare snorted, and began to move forward.

Snatching hold of the reins, I sprang into the gig.

I had just cleared the yard as George Wintock came rushing out to ascertain the cause of the disturbance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOT FAIR FOR ME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

LADY GLADYS turns the diamond on her finger restlessly.

Hereward sees it flashing in the moon. A bitter smile curls his lip as he turns back to the window.

What indeed can his motive be to her?

Has he a right even to be actuated by that motive?

He has most assuredly no right to make that motive known to her, of all people in the world.

"I wish my brother was here," Lady Gladys says presently.

"You would not be allowed to leave Kingscourt, I suppose?"

"No.

"I think I should not just now."

"I must go to him myself, then. He should be here."

"He is better away."

"Why?"

"Do you not see? Were he here, he might betray himself."

"Yes, when he found you implicated, he might.

"That is my greatest fear. He would be certain to tell all.

"And nothing can be proved against you, no matter what they do, whereas everything could be proved against him."

"You see that he is better away," Hereward answers a little coldly.

Two feelings are struggling in Lady Gladys's mind, though he does not give her credit for more than one.

But as yet the paramount passion in her nature prevails over the other.

So far, she is content to sacrifice Hereward to the fetish of the Kingscourt pride. And, as Hereward is content to be sacrificed—not indeed to the same idol, but to one whom he has set up in his own heart—there remains nothing more to be said on either side.

If Hereward feels a little aggrieved by the coolness with which the sacrifice is accepted, he does not allow it to be seen.

His manner is very much the same as it has always been.

There is perhaps an undercurrent of deeper meaning in it; but he is not the kind of man to presume on such an advantage as this that he has gained; rather does he ensconce himself behind outworks of pride and reserve stronger than he had thought necessary before.

Perhaps he cannot trust himself to come out of those trenches, perhaps he knows his weakness, that at one look of those blue eyes, did he let his own meet them as they could have met them, he was lost.

This new gentleness, this very indebtedness to him, has made Lady Gladys tenfold more dangerous to him than she was before.

Lady Gladys does not know the struggle going on in the heart of the still figure standing near her in the window, does not know how hard he finds it to resist the new tones in her voice, the new softness in her haughty face.

That flashing diamond helps him a little, nets like a spell upon him, stills the wild beating of his heart.

Every gleam of it in the moonlight hurts him like an arrow; but it quiets him nevertheless, for it will not let him forget.

Blount and Miss Middleton, chattering and laughing, think the other two must be very dull in that distant window.

"Does Gladys like him?" Blount whispers, taking the opportunity to put his lips near his lady-love's pretty ear.

"She does not often condescend to be friendly to a fellow."

"I don't know; she puzzles me.

"But I am pretty sure of one thing, and that is that he likes her."

"Not that he is in love with her?"

"Just that."

"The unfortunate rascal!

"He seems to be doomed to come to grief wherever he turns.

"What on earth has induced him to encourage such folly, such madness?

"I sent him here to cure him of a heartbreak; and have I only sent him out of the frying-pan into the fire?"

"So it seems," Miss Middleton answers, with a rather grave shake of her pretty head.

"But she—she can't be so utterly changed as to care for him?"

"I hope not, for Mr. Cartwright's sake."

"And for Kingscourt's sake.

"Doesn't Cartwright hold some awful mortgage on the place?

"I thought that was the motive for this marriage?"

"So it is.

"But who thinks of such things when they are in love?"

"Wouldn't you?" Blount asks insinuatingly.

He has dropped the fan and taken possession of a hand instead. He looks dreadfully sentimental.

"I don't know. I have never been in love."

"Bah!"

"Never in my life! And I never mean to be either."

"Bab, I thought you cared for me?"

"So you told me before. But I can't care for everybody, can I?"

CHAPTER XVII.

HEREWARD does not sleep a shade less soundly because of the cloud that has fallen upon him.

That anything more can come out to criminate himself he does not believe; but that much may come out to criminate Lord Heriot he greatly fears.

How to avert this catastrophe certainly does keep him awake till late that night.

Blount ventures upon no consolatory remarks now.

He feels that, by some means or other, he has lost his friend's confidence.

Hereward treats him in just the same manner as ever; but Blount can see that there are things in his mind which he does not tell him, though they make him look absent and preoccupied, and Blount immediately sets it down to this new fancy from which Miss Middleton asserts him to be suffering.

Hereward does make such a donkey of himself about these things, instead of taking them easy as he, Blount does!

At breakfast, the next morning, Miss Middleton remarks the paleness of her friend's cheeks.

"You look like a ghost, Gladys!" she exclaims, really concerned.

"How pale you are!

"I never saw any one so pale in my life. Dear, are you ill?"

"No; it is nothing—that is, I am quite well," Lady Gladys answers hurriedly; and she thinks of Anne Grace Trathaway when she herself had put the same question to her.

She cannot help pitying the girl now, though she almost hates her for the bitter trouble that has been brought about by her pretty face.

Mr Cartwright has not been at Kingscourt for the last two or three days.

He had been in town, they knew; but they were rather surprised at his prolonged absence.

He had haunted Kingscourt for the past six months.

No one was very sorry for his non-appearance, though it was commented upon. He was not a favorite.

Hereward shuts himself up in the library after breakfast; not to read, for his mind is not sufficiently at rest for that, but to think over the present aspect of affairs.

He wonders what further steps will be taken as to himself, whether he will be allowed to leave Kingscourt, as he intended to do, on the following evening.

He will try, at all events, and so bring matters to a climax—they must come to a climax sooner or later.

He feels sure that he could exculpate himself in a moment, that he could prove that he had been in the outskirts of the village when the shot was fired, if he chose to compare dates and bring forward witnesses.

This he knows that he can do without in any way casting a shadow of suspicion on Lord Heriot.

But he will not do this; he will not give his enemy the satisfaction of bringing him to bay just yet.

Let him rake and sift and collect all the damaging circumstantial evidence he can. Hereward knows that it can be scattered to the wind like chaff at any moment.

He is not surprised that Cartwright should wish to destroy him by making him appear guilty in this affair.

He knows that he hated him—that he has hated him since that hand-to-hand struggle in the old college quadrangle—ay, and long before it.

But he does not know that his bitterest hate dates from that night when he had sung the "Stirrup Cup," and had met a glance from Lady Gladys's blue eyes as he sang.

How long ago it seems!

How long the days are here at Kingscourt—yet how terribly short!

He remembers that evening well, though he does not know what a price he has had to pay for it—what a price he must yet pay. Even if he had known, it is improbable that he would have done other than he did.

Miss Middleton goes into the garden this morning after breakfast, passing through the glass-door at the end of the corridor behind the hall.

Evie accompanies her; so also does Mr. Blount.

This gentleman leaves Kingscourt after luncheon.

He has therefore about three hours longer to follow Miss Middleton like her shadow, and he wastes none of the precious minutes. He wishes that young monkey, the Honorable Everard Palliser, would remain in his proper place—to wit, the nursery; but, as Evie thinks differently, Mr. Blount is fain to put up with his company and make the best of it.

Miss Middleton looks very charming in a primrose cambric, with a primrose ribbon tying her dark hair.

She knows that she looks charming, and that the florid-faced young Lieutenant of Dragoons beside her knows it too. She is accustomed to look charming, and to be looked upon as charming.

In fact, Bab Middleton has been thoroughly spoilt.

Every one knows this; and yet nobody tries to turn over a new leaf with her—nobody but Hereward perhaps.

And even he likes her, and has often told her how pretty she is.

Poor Blount, pacing beside her down the garden alleys, finds her as capable of being impressed by any sentimental speeches he can make, or of retaining the impression, as the water in the fish-pond.

The knowledge of this fact makes him sigh.

Blount does not do this kind of thing well.

"What is the matter? What an ominous sigh!

"I do think everybody in this house has gone melancholy-mad!" Miss Middleton exclaims, turning to look at him.

"You are all the same, every one of you! There is Gladys looking like a ghost; there is Mr. Hereward, as silent and morose as Hamlet himself; and here are you now—sighing like a furnace.

"Are you all in a conspiracy to drive me away from Kingscourt through sheer lowness of spirits?"

"I don't want to drive you away.

"Unfortunately, I am going away myself soon," Blount answers dolorously.

"I think nothing would make you sorry; you needn't be afraid."

"Do you think so, really?

"I'm sure I am sorry that you are going away."

"Are you?" he asks, with a flash of hope.

"Of course I am."

But there is a laugh in her black eyes as they meet his which denies her words. He turns away, disappointed, and does not see the sudden flush of tears that drowns the laugh.

Neither would she have let him see it.

"Bab, I asked you—Evie, run away, that's a good boy; the bees will sting you—I asked you to marry me, the last time I was here. I have not given up because you refused me then.

"I mean to ask you every time I see you. I do not expect you will ever take me; but I can't help that."

"You would rather I did not, seeing that it would put a stop to your little plan of amusement?" Miss Middleton inquires demurely.

"Do not laugh at me.

"I can't bear that, though indeed I ought to be pretty well used to it now. Bab, will you marry me?"

"How often do you think you will ask me again?"

"Bab, you have not answered me.

"Do be serious for a moment, and not so like a child.

"Will you marry me?"

"But you won't tell me how many more chances I have, if I refuse! I want to know that."

"No, I won't tell you.

"But I am asking you to marry me now, and you must answer me. Will you marry me, Bab?"

"You have asked me three times in the course of five seconds.

"Do you intend to go on at this rate, Mr. Blount?"

"Bab, I feel very much inclined to box your ears."

"And you have never made a speech I liked so much."

"Bab Middleton, will you marry me?"

"I think I will."

They have stopped in the beech alley.

Evie has not come back—nobody is looking.

Blount takes his revenge on those mocking lips then and there; the laughing eyes hide themselves on his stout shoulder; the invincible Bab Middleton has surrendered unconditionally to Lieutenant Richard Palliser Blount.

But another pair of lovers at Kingscourt have not fared so well.

They have come to quite a different conclusion.

Mr. Cartwright rides over to Kingscourt at twelve o'clock, his usual hour.

He finds his lady-love in her bower.

Lady Gladys is idly playing with her little Russian dog in the window; her easel, with the unfinished sketch still upon it, stands aside in a corner.

She raises her head at Mr. Cartwright's entrance, and he is shocked by the change in her face.

"Lady Gladys, I am sorry to see you looking so poorly.

"That horse is too much for you.

"You looked as white as a sheet the other day when I met you in the ride. He is not the horse for you at all.

"Now I have one that would just suit you—if you'll do me the favor to ride him—a fine creature.

"I paid a cool hundred for him last week—just because I thought he'd suit you."

"You are very kind," Lady Gladys answers coldly, "but I shall not give up Kuhleborn.

"Mr. Cartwright, what are these reports that are going through the village about Robert North's death?"

"Ah, you've heard them then!

"I am glad of that, for I came up to-day on that very business.

"Think of the viper you've had in this house for the last six months!"

"Be kind enough to restrict yourself to facts.

"Who has been instrumental in bringing this affair into prominence again?"

"You ought to be obliged to whoever has done it.

"I think it is a charity to bring such a villain to justice.

"Of course it's a shock to you, and all that, but it's well it's no worse.

"There never was a doubt in my mind from the first as to who fired that shot."

"And who do you suppose fired that shot?"

"That tutor-fellow Hereward. Not a doubt of it!

"Every one knows he tried to cut out North with the girl Anne Grace Trathaway. You yourself have seen him with her."

Mr. Cartwright looks at Lady Gladys, a sharp, covert glance, as he says this. She returns the glance with a full determined look into his face.

"We ought to feel deeply indebted to you, Mr. Cartwright, for the pains you have taken in this matter."

"Oh, I did what I could for justice's sake—that's all!" he answers, brushing the sleeve of his coat rather nervously.

"All the thanks I want is to see the fellow punished."

"I hope the man who shot North is sorry for his crime," Lady Gladys says sternly and coldly, without a tremor in her voice; "but that man was not Mr. Hereward."

"That man was Hereward!" Cartwright repeats angrily.

"There's not a shadow of doubt about it. The evidence against him is as plain as daylight!"

Lady Gladys shivers slightly, but she does not immediately reply.

Cartwright looks hard at her—very hard; but her face is inscrutable.

Whether she cares for Hereward, or merely for the annoyance and trouble which has come to Kingscourt, he cannot discover.

But he means to find out.

"And you don't believe he did it?" he asks.

"Most assuredly I do not.

"I should as soon believe that I did it myself!"

"But you allow that he was seen with the girl, and that he was absent on the evening of the murder?"

"That has all been explained to me," Lady Gladys replies, with another slight shiver.

"Ah!

"Then you have spoken to Hereward on the subject?" Cartwright exclaims, with insolent suspicion in his voice and eyes.

"I thought you were above that kind of thing, Lady Gladys Palliser."

"I cannot say that I thought you were above playing the detective in an affair that in no way concerned you," Lady Gladys answers, surveying him coldly; "for I never thought you above any meanness of the kind.

"But I fancy you have overreached yourself in this instance, Mr. Cartwright. In your zeal for justice, you have forgotten what may concern you more nearly perhaps.

"Do not trouble yourself to come to Kingscourt again."

"What on earth do you mean?" Mr. Cartwright exclaims, aghast.

"Not come to Kingscourt!

"I would like to see who'd keep me out of it.

"You've promised to be Lady Gladys Cartwright before the year is out, and, upon my honor, you'll stand to it, as sure as I stand here this day! What in the name of fury do you mean?"

He has grown quite white, and his small eyes look like those of an angry bull. Lady Gladys looks at him and laughs, a quiet laugh of concentrated scorn.

"I mean that I would sooner be in my grave before the year was out than marry you—merely that.

"And I mean that, after you have left this room to-day, I shall never address you or see you, if I can help it, so long as I live."

"Well done, my lady! Wait till your brother hears this!

"Wait till I drive every Palliser out of Kingscourt, neck and crop!

"Wait till you see what you have brought on yourself and all belonging to you!

"Then you'll be sorry for this day's work."

"I shall not be sorry for it.

"And I am not afraid of what my brother will say.

"We know our own affairs best, Mr. Cartwright."

"I know enough of your affairs, Lady Gladys Palliser.

"I know what you owe and what you don't owe, and I know the hold I've got over Kingscourt.

"Take my advice, and don't quarrel with your bread and butter.

"Has this beggarly sizar turned you against me?

"Tell me that."

He shrinks from the look she gives him then.

"Leave the room, sir," she says, ringing the bell; "and, if you will take my advice, you will never come to Kingscourt again while I am in it."

"Before I go, I have a piece of news for you, at all events," Cartwright answers, moving to the door.

"There have been fresh proofs found of that fellow's guilt—hanging proofs, I may say.

"What do you think of their having found a handkerchief covered with blood close to the spot where Robert North was shot?"

"I should say that it was very improbable—not that they have found it, but that it came there naturally," Lady Gladys answers quietly.

Cartwright stares at her with a strange startled look, surprised at the way in which she takes the information.

"I say it came there naturally—how else could it come?

"The men were searching there yesterday morning and found it.

"And perhaps you can tell us who has the initials 'H. H. H.' on his handkerchiefs. They're not common ones, are they?"

Lady Gladys does not mind the sneer, does not mind the scarcely-concealed insolence of his tone and bearing.

But she sees in a moment that this will complicate matters fearfully, will render it absolutely necessary for Hereward to clear himself.

"He will be under arrest before twenty-four hours—in fact, he is virtually under arrest at this moment." Mr. Cartwright turns at the door to speak.

"He had better not attempt to stir an inch, or the police will surely be down upon him.

"You can tell him so, with my compliments."

Lady Gladys gives a great sigh of relief when the door closes upon her late lover. But her feeling of relief is only momentary. The remembrance of her brother's danger

rushes back to her memory with terrible force.

Their name, their pride, where will it be when the heir of all the proud Pallisers is convicted in a court of justice of murder?

Where will it be when he is suffering the penalty for his crime?

Lady Gladys clasps her hands with a cry of despair, of pain, of horror.

Then she bethinks herself of the only person who can help her in her strait; and she goes to look for Harold Holman Hereward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HEREWARD has spent the morning in a strange state of mind, a state which is a mixture of bitter and sweet, of rest and unrest, of pleasure and pain. His own implication in the affair of the murder is the least of his troubles; he scarcely gives it a thought.

But the bitterness, the unrest, the pain, come from the knowledge of his feelings towards Lady Gladys Palliser, and the knowledge that his hours in her presence are numbered.

If his hours of life were numbered, it could not add much to his despair.

But there is one sweetness amid the bitter, one pleasure in the pain, one rest in all the unrest, and that is the thought that he has borne something for her sake.

And there is the memory of her voice, of her eyes, of the touch of her hand. She will never know what these have been to him; but he knows; and for everything the future may hold for him of happiness he would not give up their memory.

His future cannot be very happy, he tells himself vaguely

In the midst of his reveries, Lady Gladys comes into the room.

She finds Hereward pacing up and down the floor, and she stands before the fire, looking at him.

For two or three minutes she does not speak.

"Mr. Hereward," she says at last, "they have found the handkerchief."

Hereward has paused in his walk, and confronts her, looking down into her handsome face.

"What will they do now," Hereward asks quietly.

"They will place you under arrest," she answers.

Hereward neither starts nor changes his color.

"Mr. Hereward, I release you from your promise,"—Lady Gladys's voice trembles a little, but not much.

"I do not wish to be released.

"There is only more necessity than ever for keeping our knowledge to ourselves."

"You do not see what that incurs. You are no longer a free agent; you dare not leave this house.

"There are people watching your every movement."

"I am not going to try. It would only do harm to our cause."

"It certainly would.

"But you cannot allow them to arrest you?"

"Why not?

"It will do me no harm."

"You must prove an *alibi*—at least, you must account for the finding of the handkerchief."

"I shall not betray Lord Heriot, you may be sure of that."

"I am puzzled about that handkerchief. I cannot think how it came there.

"How could they have found it near the place?

"You did not give it to my brother until you met him, near Kingsleigh?"

"No; and then he hurried to catch the train.

"He certainly did not return."

Hereward stares at a square in the carpet with a perplexed look.

"How far from the—the place where Robert North was found did you give him the handkerchief."

"A good way—not twenty yards from the stile leading out of the woods."

"Did you see whether he kept the handkerchief round his hand?"

"He certainly did, till I lost sight of him. I could not see what he did when he had crossed the stile."

"I cannot imagine how the handkerchief got back!"

"Nor can I. I suspect it has been brought back."

"Just what I thought.

"But Mr. Cartwright denied that supposition."

"Cartwright!

"Did he tell you this?"

"Yes. I have just had an interview with him.

"I do not think he will come to Kingscourt any more."

"Not come to Kingscourt. But how can you send him away?"

"Very easily."

Lady Gladys smiles.

"But do you mean that you have broken off your engagement?"

"I do. I have broken off my engagement."

They stand looking at each other for a moment or two; then Hereward turns and resumes his walk up and down the room. His first feeling is one of unutterable happiness.

But then the madness of being happy because a thing is to be attained which he can never attain makes his head sink and the light die out of his eyes.

But for an instant he has been in paradise.

"Mr. Hereward," Lady Gladys says very gravely, "I cannot allow you to suffer all this unpleasantness—to call it nothing more—for my brother's sake.

"It must not be. Matters are growing serious.

"It was different before.

"Then it could not have harmed you—now there may be danger."

"Lady Gladys," he answers, just as gravely.

"Do you wish me to take the consequences."

She thinks of the poor wretched boy who must suffer if he does not.

She thinks of her mother, to whom it will be a death-blow.

She thinks of the proud name of her house trampled in the dust.

"How can I say that I do not? The alternative is so terrible that I cannot think of it.

"But you—you!

"It is horrible for you. "No, I cannot ask you to suffer for him!"

"I do not suffer for him."

"You suffer that he may escape."

"I am willing to bear the worst that can come upon me, and I swear to you that I shall reveal nothing—absolutely nothing. But you must tell me that you wish me to do so."

He has stopped again before her. The dark eyes meet the blue ones in a long, long look.

His face is inscrutable—she can gather nothing from it—nothing but stern determination.

She clasps her hands and wrings them together in wild indecision.

"Will you be able to do it?" she asks, turning to him at last with an agonised face.

"If I say I will do it, you need not fear for my strength."

"Oh, how hard it is!

"How hard it is!" she moans, turning away again.

"It need not be so.

"I do not mind.

"I wish to do it."

His voice is very gentle.

She looks at him, half relieved, half remorseful.

"It is terrible. It is terrible for you!"

"It is not terrible.

"Have you decided?"

"Oh, Vere, what you have cost me! Yes, I have decided.

"But I hate myself!

"And you must hate me!" she cries, a little wildly,

"I do not hate you, Lady Gladys."

Something in his voice makes her look at him again.

"You must, you must. It is horrible of me.

"But when I think of my mother—when I think of that unhappy boy! For their sakes——"

"I do not do it for their sakes. I do it for yours."

He speaks the words calmly and deliberately, looking straight into her face.

"For mine!

"But why should you do anything for my sake?"

"Because I love you. Because I love you better than my life."

"Love me!" Lady Gladys echoes, bewildered.

"Yes. Did you know?"

"I did not know.

"How could I know?"

She has turned away, and leans her arms upon the back of a chair before her and her head upon her hands.

Hereward resumes his walk up and down the room.

So they remain, she with her face hidden, he with his arms folded and his head bent, while the little clock on the chimney-piece ticks on and on, second after second, minute after minute.

"Lady Gladys, are you angry with me?" He has come to her side, and he speaks gently, looking down at her with a very grave face.

"Oh, no, no!" she answers; and then he knows that she has been crying.

"Do not waste your precious tears," he says, with a stern smile.

"There is nothing to make you weep. I wish I could get rid of mine so easily."

"You. Why should you cry?"

"I suffer more than you.

"I have the hardest pain of all for my share."

"Not the hardest.

"I have the pain of knowing my brother's guilt.

"You know that, whatever happens, you are innocent."

"I did not allude to that," Hereward answers.

"The very worst they can do me will be nothing to the pain of leaving you."

"Of leaving me!"

"Have I not told you that I love you?"

"Ah, but this love!

"It does not last.

"You will soon forget. But I—I can never forget! The horror—the terror—the disgrace!"

"And do you think that I shall ever forget?"

Hereward looks down into her eyes with a strange smile.

"I hope you will.

"It is the best thing that I can hope for you."

"Do not hope or desire it for me. I do not wish to forget.

"Nothing can take these hours out of my life.

"They have come—the memory of them can never go away. I would rather die than forget them."

"Ah, but you will forget! You loved somebody before now."

Hereward does not think it necessary to refute this accusation. He answers it by a smile only. For in all their trouble they can smile.

"You must forget me. There is nothing else—nothing else."

"I know that. I know there is nothing else; but I will keep what I have. I shall not forget you till my dying day."

Lady Gladys looks at him almost like one in a dream, dazed, bewildered.

"I think my heart is broken," she says, moving away.

Hereward comes forward and opens the door for her. Then he holds out his hand.

"Forgive me," he pleads.

"I have nothing to forgive," she answers, putting her hand in his. He holds it in a determined clasp.

"Remember that I only live to serve you," he says, and, stooping, he kisses her hand two or three times.

Then she goes away.

* * * * * *

It is impossible to say what struggle goes on in Lady Palliser's mind for the next two or three hours. It is a hard struggle, to judge from her death white face.

It is the hardest struggle that she could have been called upon to endure; of that there can be no doubt.

Pride against—what?

Pride, and the love she has for parent and for brother, and the remembrance of the shame, the ignominy, the disgrace of the affair, were it known—all these have entered the list against one solitary adversary. But he can cope with them all. One by one he vanquishes every foe, one by one he clears the arena of them all.

Lady Gladys leaves the room again just as the luncheon-bell rings.

She is obliged to go through that meal, to listen to the chatter of Evie and Miss Middleton and her cousin, and she guesses, though she has not yet been told, the happy understanding between them.

Hereward does not appear in answer to the bell.

The Fraulein remarks on his absence, and Miss Middleton shakes her head.

Doctor Jones has been away for a day or two, and is not expected home for as many more. Lady Gladys thinks luncheon will never come to an end.

She does not announce the breaking off of her engagement; she does not waste a thought upon the four people present. She only thinks of one who is absent, of one who is suffering for her and through her, while these are all so happy.

After luncheon, the two guests betake themselves to the drawing-room and to be—supposed—contemplation of a portfolio of Venetian photographs.

Miss Middleton conscientiously lays them before Blount one by one.

She knows very well that his gaze is never once removed from her.

Yet, if they are both enjoying themselves, what does it matter?

Lady Gladys opens the library door, goes in, and closes it after her.

Hereward is sitting with his elbows on the table and his head on his hands. He lifts his head at the sound of her approach. He does not look unhappy: he even welcomes her with a smile. She has never known before how he could smile.

"Do you wonder what has brought me back?"

"I am too glad to wonder."

"I have come to tell you that I cannot accept your sacrifice."

"You must tell me why."

"Because I cannot—I cannot have you suffer."

"I do not suffer."

"But I do."—"Yes!"

"Yes. I suffer because you suffer."

"You need not suffer.

"Dearest, cannot you comprehend that it is sweet to me to be able to suffer for you?"

She looks at him, at the fire in his eyes, at the smile on his lips.

"But it is bitter to me. I would rather bear anything now than that you should suffer any further disgrace."

"Why have you changed your mind? Is it out of pity?"

"No, not pity."

"What then?"

For all answer she rests one hand on the table, and, stooping, puts the other on his shoulder.

He turns his face up to hers with a swift flush on his cheeks, with a sudden light in his eyes.

"Gladys, do you love me?"

"I do."

Then those two, between whom rolls a gulf that is impassable, forget for one moment the deep dark waters that divide them, forget the long lives that lie before them, during which they must walk apart—forget fierce fate, forget the tears that wet their cheeks, forget everything but the one fact that they love each other.

* * * * * * *

At dinner that evening, Miss Middleton is greatly exercised in her mind.

She cannot understand the position of affairs.

Her own attention being no longer claimed exclusively by Lieutenant Richard Blount—he having taken his departure after luncheon—she has leisure to look about her, and what she sees perplexes her

Lady Gladys, in her sombre black velvet, looks almost as pale as she did at breakfast that morning.

She has not lost her serene grace of manner, but there is something unusual beneath it Miss Middleton is too much a woman of the world not to perceive. Nor does the expression of her eyes escape her. Those proud blue eyes, usually so cold, so haughty, so icily calm, have awakened.

There is a light, a depth, a radiance in them that even the trouble on lip and brow cannot efface or disguise.

Miss Middleton is not without a suspicion of the cause; and even her careless nature is startled by the inevitable results.

Those concerned have kept it a profound secret.

Their great fear is that the Countess should hear of it.

So far she has not done so; and Hereward hopes that affairs can be so managed that she shall never hear of it. He also puzzles Miss Middleton.

She suspects that he and Lady Gladys have come to some understanding; yet she knows perfectly well that any hope on their part is impossible. Yet Hereward remains at Kingscourt!

She is a little piqued that this dark knight has found that he can love again, and yet had proved so impervious to her own fascination.

Hereward is talking to Lady Gladys in the window of the red drawing-room while Miss Middleton sings.

Lady Gladys is reclining again in her velvet chair, he standing near her, watching the brightening sky.

A servant comes with a message—some one wants to speak to Mr. Hereward.

Hereward has a presentiment that the game is up, but he leaves the room quietly without a word.

In the hall stand two police-officers in plain clothes, who came forward to meet him the moment he appears, and arrest him in the name of the Queen.

Hereward surrenders quietly.

He sees through the open doorway a group of men waiting outside in the darkness, among them Mr. Cartwright, in his large black felt hat.

Hereward sets his teeth rather savagely as he buttons on his oilskin coat.

He has taken his hat from the stand, and is preparing to accompany the officers, when Lady Gladys, in her black velvet dress, with pearls on her white throat and in her ears, and a face as white as the pearls, comes softly into the hall.

She does not delay for a moment—she does not hesitate, but, going to Hereward, puts both arms round his neck as he bends his head.

"My darling!" Hereward whispers in her ear.

"I shall never see you again.

"But I shall never forget you," she answers softly.

Mr. Cartwright cannot hear the words, but he can see Hereward bend to kiss her, he can see him put his arms around her neck.

And, with a smothered imprecation, he shouts to the men to bring him out—what are they delaying for?

With the memory of that parting, Hereward goes more than content.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POISONOUS FLOWERS.—There are many plants whose leaves, flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons, which every one should know, so as to avoid them and keep the children from them.

Buttercups possess a poisonous property which disappears when the flowers are dried in hay; no cow will feed upon them while in blossom. So caustic are the petals, that they will sometimes inflame the skin of tender fingers. Every child should be cautioned against eating them, indeed, it is desirable to caution children about tasting the petals of any flower, or putting leaves into their mouths, except those known to be harmless.

The oleander contains a deadly poison in its leaves and flowers, and is said to be a dangerous plant for the parlor or dining-room. The flower and berries of the wild briony possesses a powerful purgative; and the red berries, which attract children, have proved fatal. The seeds of the laburnum and catalpa tree should be kept from children; and there is a poisonous property in their bark. The seeds of the yellow and of the rough podded vetches will produce nausea and severe headache. Fool's parsley has tuberous roots which have been mistaken for turnips, and produced a fatal effect an hour after they were eaten.

Meadow hemlock is said to be the hemlock which Socrates drank; it kills by its intense action upon the nerves, producing complete insensibility and palsy of the arms and legs, and is a most dangerous drug except in skilful hands. In August it is found in every field, by seashore and near mountain tops, in full bloom, and ladies and children gather its large clusters of tiny white flowers in quantities, without the least idea of their poisonous qualities. The water hemlock, or cow bane, resembles parsnip, and has been eaten for them with deadly effect.

The water-dropwort resembles celery when not in flower, and its roots are also similar to those of the parsnip, but they contain a virulent poison, producing convulsions which end in death in a short time. The fine-leaved water-dropwort and the common dropwort are also dangerous weeds.

The bulbs of the daffodil were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup, with very disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated, and the children did not recover from their effects for several days.

A TEXAS society item: "The beautiful and accomplished Miss Flyhigh was so unfortunate at the ball last evening as to be bitten on her plump, snowy shoulder by a vicious mosquito. The young lady immediately fainted, but was resuscitated and is now doing well. The mosquito was captured by four of the young gentleman present, taken outside and decapitated with a meat axe."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-SECOND YEAR.
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 26, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

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A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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THE BURDEN OF LIFE.

Trials of every kind may await you, sterner and darker than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strife for every conflict depends on your being girded for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

He who through the many changes to which every life is subject cultivates the power of adapting himself to these changes, and also to the new set of circumstances resulting therefrom, possesses a magic talisman against all the vicissitudes of life. So our lives go on; the river ends we know not where, and the sea begins.

The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of the one and the other, which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears on his brow the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo.

Thus, there are two kinds of experience. One is the continual round of repeated actions and events, a mere mechanical reiteration of joy and sorrow, ups and downs, successes and failures—a kind of a chapter of accidents which leaves no very definite impression after they have passed away, and produce no very marked effect upon the life they thus checker. The other is that which is woven into the very web of existence, giving it tone, color, texture, and strength. The one, barren to its owner, is necessarily barren to another generation; the other, striking deep roots into the being of him who sustains it, as surely grows and bears fruit in those who come after him.

But as a rule, the darker side, with all its mental burdens, will be far more easily borne if placed as much as practicable out of sight. When we gaze upon them, they increase in size. When in our thoughts we emphasize and dwell upon them, they sometimes grow almost unbearable. It is well enough to face trouble when it comes to us, to measure it and know its weight, that we may summon up courage and strength sufficient to endure it; but, this done, let us place it where it will no longer be in our constant sight—let us carry it manfully and bravely, but not drag it to the light, to dwell upon its weight, and to claim sympathy for being obliged to bear it. When the emphasis of life is laid on the cheerful and attractive side, its real burdens will be borne lightly, happiness will abound and be diffused, and the value of life be multiplied tenfold.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A CUBIC inch of gold is worth $210; a cubic foot, $362,380; a cubic yard, $9,797,763. This is valuing it at $18 an ounce. At the commencement of the Christian era there was in the world $427,000,000 in gold. This had diminished to $57,000,000 at the time America was discovered, when it began to increase. Now the amount of gold in use is estimated to be $6,000,000,000.

—

THE combined efforts of four policemen were required to carry into the House of Commons, on April 1, the petition in favor of closing public houses on Sunday—one of the largest documents of the kind ever presented to Parliament. It contained 500,332 signatures upon a continuous roll of paper, which was 4,832 yards long, and weighed over 350 pounds.

—

OF a thousand well-to-do persons and another thousand of poor persons there remained alive after five years, of the prosperous, 913; of the poor, only 655. After 50 years there remained of the prosperous, 557; of the poor, 288. At 70 years of age there remained 235 of the prosperous, and of the poor 65. The average length of life among the well-to-do was 60 years, and among the poor 32 years.

—

SCARCELY any characteristic of the German Emperor is more marked than his aversion to capital punishment. In the period from 1864 to 1878 only 26 out of 318 capital sentences were carried out, and during the next decade, of 429 criminals condemned to death, Hodel, the would-be assassin was the only one executed. During ing the years 1879 and 1880 only one capital sentence out of 18 was executed, and there were only four executions in each of the years 1881 and 1882. The almost invariable commutation of the death sentence has been to penal servitude for life.

—

A SPANISH magistrate, shocked and exasperated by repeated proof of the adulteration of food in his district, has issued a proclamation aflame with righteous wrath, that "all articles in the shape of wines, groceries and provisions which, upon examination and analysis, are proved to be injurious to health, will be confiscated forthwith and distributed to the different charitable institutions."

—

THE fashion of painting the miniature of the object of the heart's adoration is being revived. These paintings are called "dove saucers." Why "saucers" it is difficult to understand, as they are executed on vases, placques, or any convenient article. But it is a pretty enough idea. Moreover, it has the merit of never becoming common, because very few amateur artists can paint a miniature.

—

AN investigator into the influence of climate upon consumptives, says that in choosing places of residence for such patients too little attention is given to the character of the soil. It is shown that, other things being equal, the prevalence of the disease is in proportion to the habitual dampness of the earth. The atmospheric conditions to be sought for are "rarity, calmness, purity, and sun warmth."

—

A NOVEL experiment in street-preaching was tried in a low alley in London during the Christmas holidays. A large sheet was spread across the fronts of the houses, on which, by means of a stereoptican, were displayed representations taken from "The Bottle," by the late George Cruikshank, and other sources. During the exhibition religious addresses were made to the assembled spectators, who crowded the doors and windows.

—

LONDON *Truth* is responsible for a discovery that will disturb the Biblical world: The word "rib," in the second chapter of Genesis, used in describing the creation of Eve, ought more correctly to be rendered "tail!" Again, the "ravens" which fed Elijah were not ravens at all, but "gypsies," and so another cherished illusion is dispelled, and the historic value of Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of "Elijah and the Ravens" is seriously impaired.

—

How few are able to console a friend in the anguish of bereavement! Even the most kind-hearted persons fail in this task, because it is almost impossible for them to enter into the condition of the sufferer or to reproduce in their imagination feelings which they have never experienced, or, having experienced, have forgotten. So in cases of excessive joy few real sympathizers can be found, though many kindly-disposed persons may offer sincere congratulations. Fortunately, however, these extremes of feeling in either direction are rare, and the ordinary experiences of mankind are such as are at least possible for most of us to realize.

—

THE Master Plumbers' Association of Chicago, warming to allegorical poetry over their charcoal furnaces, adopted at their last meeting a seal, whose significance the Secretary explained as follows: "The central figure is a copy of an ancient statue in the British Museum—Hygeia. The rainbow indicates allegorically a promise of better work, and, also, as after a summer shower, our surroundings are in a better sanitary condition, so by the efforts of the association the sanitary condition of our homes will be improved. The top bar of tubes, around which the banner is rolled, is symbolical of "In union there is strength."

—

EIGHTY-FOUR samples of colored paper, supplied by a Massachusetts firm for the use of Kindergarten Pupils, show arsenic to be present to a considerable extent in a large number of the papers, and in eight of the specimens to a dangerous degree. These strips of paper are used by the children in weaving various designs, and of course this work it a most natural occasion for the use of nature's mucilage—the saliva. The manufacturer, indeed, calls attention to the fact that the most attractive colors contain arsenic—cannot, indeed, be made without it—but suggests that there is no danger if the children be taught to work with their mouths shut! Even if a child could be taught to overcome its nature enough to keep things out of its mouth, while it might in a measure diminish the risks from lead and other poisons used in the same papers, it is hardly necessary to say that it would be far from removing the exposure to arsenical poisonings.

—

OF the 1,433,887,500 inhabitants on the earth about 850,000,000 are idolators, 170,000,000 Mohammedans and Jews, making two-thirds of the population of the earth who either know nothing of Jesus, or are opposed to Him. Of those who are called Christians only 100,000,000 are nominally Protestants, and only 20,000,000 are members of Protestant churches. There are over 100 Protestant missionary societies, and over 3,600 ordained European and American missionaries engaged in foreign mission work, assisted by over 900 lay missionaries and 1,600 juvenile missionaries, with over 24,000 native preachers teachers and helpers, and about 575,000 native communicants.

—

THE whole secret of standing and walking erect consists in keeping the chin well away from the breast. This throws the head upward and backward, and the shoulders will naturally settle backward and in their true position. Those who stoop in walking generally look downward. The proper way is to look straight ahead on the same level with your eyes; or, if you are inclined to stoop, until that tendency is overcome, look rather above than below the level. Mountaineers are said to be "as straight as an arrow," and the reason is, because they are obliged to look upward so much. It is simply impossible to stoop in walking, if you will heed and practice this rule. You will notice that all round-shouldered persons carry the chin near the breast and pointed downward.

—

REALLY good boards require nothing but beeswax, sparingly used, for dancing. A small quantity should be applied by rubbing it on to one of the hard-weighted brooms sold for the purpose. Every portion of the floor should be well gone over in this way over and over again, until it is all well, but sparingly, waxed. Then strew finely-powdered French chalk over the floor, tie a piece of baize over the broom, and again go over it. This will remove any slight stickiness which might remain from the wax, and will leave the floor finely polished and perfect for dancing. This should be done some hours before the room is required, to give the dust arising from the powdered chalk time to settle. It will be necessary to have everything well dusted afterwards, not forgetting the ledges above doors and pictures,, which even careful housemaids are apt to neglect, but which, if not attended to, materially spoil the comfort of the evening, as the dust flies about as soon as the dancing begins.

—

ON a fine day one can scarcely walk a square in any of the more thickly populated districts of Tokio without hearing the shrill whistle of the blind shampooer, as with long stick in hand he slowly feels his way, calling out from time to time his fee for a complete shampoo. A system of employment for the blind so suited to their condition, affording as it does fair profit and an abundance of healthful exercise, indoor and out, certainly deserves at least passing notice. Shampooing, or, perhaps, more properly speaking, massage, as practised by these blind men, consists of a gentle rubbing, with the palms of the hands, of the surface of the whole body, together with passive exercise of the joints, and a slow kneading of the superficial muscles, more particularly those of the trunk and extremeties. The sensation to the subject is usually very pleasant, especially if submitted to after violent or continued exertion, as after a difficult climb or a long walk. Japanese physicians recommend it in many diseases, also in convalescence from which there has been loss of power or wasting of the muscles. The skill and anatomical knowledge sometimes acquired by these unfortunates are truly wonderful.

BLIND.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCHUYLER.

The world is fair; but not alas to me,
I see not either hill nor verdant plain:
Sense tells me lowering clouds are in the air,
I stretch my hand and feel the falling rain:
The leafy woodland is a chaos dark
And Nature's minstrelsy a saddened sound,
The world, to me, is one great sealed book
And in the iron bands of darkness bound.

They say the sky is clear, I raise my eyes,
But nothing meets my ever blinded view,
The stars are bright—I strain my anxious gaze,
Yet nothing see—not e'en the azure blue:
I know the flowers are near, I stoop to grasp
With eager hands their glowing petals bright,
I miss the rose and gather only thorns,
Then weep to think my day is always night.

I hear the river murmuring at my feet,
And know I stand upon the pebbly shore,
The fragrant lilies now my senses greet,
With loving touch I trace their soft leaves o'er;
I know their color, shape and size, and now
I drink the sweetness of their odorous breath,
But, oh! I cannot see them: grant kind Heaven
To me one moment's sight, then welcome death.

Then and Now.

BY F. L. WELLS.

IT was twilight in the schoolroom. Over the swelling woods beyond the open window the shades of coming night are falling, and there is a glimpse of the far-off ocean as it gleams beneath the rays of the descending sun.

Rhoda and I stand alone by the window. There is a feeling of profound peace over everything.

All the earth seems restful.

Only my heart is full of disquiet, for the pain of parting lies heavy on it.

She looked so winsome and loyal in her simple white dress, this well-beloved comrade of mine, with all her riotous golden curls pushed in careless, schoolgirl-fashion into a confining net, as she stands beside me silent—a remarkably strange mood for her.

With an impulsive movement of awkward, boyish love, I draw that dear head to my broad shoulders with characteristic shyness.

Then the tears come into her eyes for the first time.

Her cool, soft hands steal confidingly into mine.

"Oh, you dear old Garry, what shall I do without you?

"How I shall long for you!"

Then, with a shy, upward glance of softest feeling, she asks—

"Shall you miss me?"

I strive to recall some touching, suitable answer from the depths of my lore, but it is a failure.

And who is eloquent at such a time?—so I said only—

"Yes."

"When you are in Kamtchatka or in the interior of Africa, and I am in this hateful school, will you sometimes think of me?"

"Oh, won't I, though!" I say, in solemn earnestness.

"I'll remember how we read 'Lucile,' in the apple tree, and paddled around the pond in the dear old punt, and were lost in the woods!

"I'll remember what a jolly little thing you are, and how much we love each other, and then——" I say, breaking off rather abruptly.

"And then?" she asks interrogatively, rubbing her soft, rosy cheeks against my hands.

"Well, then, when my trip to the ends of the earth is over, and your schooldays are done, why—I'll come back and marry you."

Rhoda blushes, and I am not sure that I did not blush myself—though, fortunately, my unfitness did not suffer, since it was almost dark by this time—as I fold her to my heart like an affectionate bear, and kiss her over and over again. Oh, how well I loved her then!

Every feeling of my unclouded young heart was ruled by her.

She was a frank, simple child, and I an honest, rather lanky, youth, brimful of fervor and fidelity worthy of the days of the Crusades, when we parted for five years on that summer night.

* * * * * * *

"The time went by like a tale that is told."

Years have bloomed and faded, and it is the evening of another summer day.

It is only three months back since I arrived home again, and after the rapture of reunion with my numerous brothers and sisters had in a measure subsided, I came straight to my old sweetheart's home to await her return, which is daily expected.

I have been here about a month.

"Rhoda will be home surely to-morrow," says the youngest daughter of the house, with a laugh of expectant happiness, coming to my side.

My heart gave a passionate throb at the sound of her dear name, and all through the following hours the words "Rhoda will be home to-morrow," kept ringing in the happy measure through my brain.

Closing my eyes I can see her again as she lives unfaded in my memory with her flower-like face, and shining hair, dressed in that soft muslin dress, and the twilight shadows falling round her.

Though a man now, of soberer thought and sterner heart, Rhoda is as dear as in my boyhood.

These last hours which must pass until she is once again by my side seems almost interminable.

In restless impatience I saunter out for a solitary walk.

The evening is soft, and rests like a blessing on the earth after the noontide heat has passed away.

High up in the heavens the full moon is shining from a pale background of fleecy cloud, and the fragrance from hyacinth bells steals refreshingly on me as I saun'er on, until a fence bounding a neighboring meadow is reached, and I find I am not alone.

Standing against the low, white railing, with her elbow resting on the upper bar looking thoughtfully out into the lane, is Doris Harper, the children's governess.

Since the beginning of my visit we have grown great friends.

She puzzles and charms me at the same time, this young girl, with such lustrous meditative eyes, dark, soft hair, and independent manner.

I walk to her side.

She nods graciously, and goes back to her former position.

"Miss Harper, are you unhappy?" I ask abruptly.

"Not here," she answers.

"Among the flowers and in the stillness I am very happy, though sometimes—oh, I do feel so lonely in the state of life into which it has pleased Heaven to call me, as the dear old catchism says."

"I am at peace with all the world to-night," I say, uncontrolled joy ringing in my tones.

"Rhoda will be home to-morrow?"

"She is very dear to you, this Rhoda of yours," she asks.

"Very!" I say solemnly, from my heart.

"As the old song runs, 'She is the very eyes of me.'"

It is the afternoon of the next day. Rhoda has come.

I am standing out here on the balcony, watching her as she sits inside, furling and unfurling her fan, and glancing up archly at the young man standing up close by her side.

It is in truth Rhoda, but how changed—how sadly changed from the dear little maiden of years past!

Where has the simplicity which sat so well upon her gone?

Did it depart for ever when she put away her riotous childhood?

And so I watch her, a disappointment at my heart so great that there is room for no other feeling.

Her beautiful soft hair, which had once crowned her head like a halo, is distorted into a hideous edifice piled high over her forehead.

Voluminous skirts take up half the space in the room, and she kicks them into place as unceremoniously as a heroine of *opera bouffe*.

Her voice has lost much of its sweetness, and is loud and affected.

She has learned the cant phrases of scientific atheism, and plays with the great doubts of the age like a purring kitten with a ball of yarn.

How different from the memory I had loved so well, and cherished so tenderly among strange lands and faces!

With a sore bitter heart I turn away—I cannot stand it.

Her mirthless, affected laugh maddens me.

In the garden I came across Doris and her young charge.

She reads my disappointment and pities me.

"It is only another version of the old proverb, 'Sometimes bitter bubbles up,'" she says softly.

But I am not to be comforted, and I sit moody and silent holding the skein of bright wool for her as she rolls it into a ball.

And while she winds and winds she talks in her soft sweet voice; and as my fancy keeps time with the incessant winding, a feeling of rest and satisfaction steals over me.

I forget Rhoda, with her frivolity and lately acquired worldliness.

A drop of oil has fallen on the troubled waters of my life.

* * * * * *

The awful gloom of war was depressing our land.

Along the banks of a dark, silent river our camp was stationed.

The fires burned red and high, casting long shadows around, and making the forests in the background look darker by contrast.

A small party around a watch-fire were busy at cards, and except for their muttered imprecations at ill-luck, or chuckles of gratification from good fortune, the silence of the camp was unbroken.

I stood with bared head at the door of my tent, weary from the day's march, still unable to sleep.

My thoughts were far away from the camp-ground, as a soldier's will stray when the noise of battle is for a while silent, and patriotic zeal slumbers during the brief rest.

From an inner pocket I took out a small picture.

By the light of the fire I could see it plainly.

It was the lovely face of Doris, half laughing, half tender, turned over her shoulder, and looking back at me, with those fond soft eyes from out of the dark frame.

The memory of her warm fingers at parting when she slipped it into mine, the sweet "God speed," the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips, rise up in my mind.

I close the cover on the smiling face, and choose to think of her thus as I saw her last.

Standing there in the silence, the grand breathless calm of nature all around, with those multitudes of changeless starry lights above rolling on eternally, it comes to me with convincing certainty that Doris owns my tenderest love.

The softest, best feelings of my nature are awakened even to think of her.

"I love her!" are the words which beat in my brain.

"While I live, even to the end, I will love her forever!"

And this is what saddens me, for Doris rules my heart.

Rhoda feels that she is still bound to me by the promises that were made in our younger days.

"Perhaps in the course of time those early vows will be fulfilled!" I think rather recklessly.

"We will marry.

"Rhoda will tolerate me, and I will pity her.

"If we are sensible we will shake hands on the matter, and decide to make the best of a bad bargain.

"If not we will separate and end by cordially hating each other!

"What a future!"

The next morning, however, these gloomy forebodings are dispelled by a letter from Rhoda herself. Her conceit is plainly visible in it.

It is full of pity for the pain I must inevitably suffer, appeals for forgiveness, and self-reproaches.

At last at the end of four pages, I read that she had married a handsome ne'er-do well, and been disowned by her family in consequence.

I feel sorry for her.

My heart still keeps a tender spot for the dear little Rhoda of the past, though it can find no open portal for this later edition, and it is with a sigh of pity mingled with a new sense of freedom that I close up the letter.

The week following we had some hard fighting.

It is with a shudder that I recall it even now!

The familiar faces, bright with quickening life, in a second of time quivering in agony or fixed in death!

The tramping steeds, the cannon, the carnage!—I can see it all.

I live over again in fancy the bullet striking my arm and rendering me powerless to fight, though I still cheered on in lusty tones my men to the charge; then another bullet comes direct to its mark and I fall from my horse.

The passionate, distorted faces of the soldiers grow dim, the noise of the conflict becomes faint, and I lie there one among the many.

When next I wake it is in a whitewashed ward.

The glorifying sunlight falls on the livid faces of dying men!

Nothing is clear to me.

I place my hand feebly to my head—there is no hair there.

The other arm is bandaged, so is one of my legs.

I am in a maze.

The only memory which stands out with any distinctness is a woman's face.

I cannot understand where the face was nor to whom it belonged, but I know that it looked down at me full of tenderest pity—that the lips had prayed for me and blessed me. There it was again bending over me!

The same violet eyes, now full of tears of unbounded joy, were looking down into mine.

I felt the same cool, soothing hand on my brow, and saw the familiar hair on which the nurse's cap sat like a crown.

Then the sweet lips are laid on mine in an earnest kiss full of wondering solemnity, full of a thrilling power that carried me back from the borders of death into unclouded life to love the bestower of that kiss for evermore.

For it was Doris, who left all and came to nurse me—Doris who kissed me.

And could it be possible to do ought but love her after that, do you think?

In the Country.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

WHEN I, last winter, met my relatives, the Thornlys, in town, they kindly invited me to their country seat, Woodburn, for the summer vacation.

They expected some other friends to spend a few weeks with them.

I accepted conditionally—that is, with a secret mental reservation to go if no more desirable invitation offered, but not otherwise.

And as it turned out that Dawkins neglected to secure my company for his yachting voyage, and other friends stupidly overlooked me, I began to think of Woodburn, and my mind became quite made up on learning that Miss Alesbury, the pretty heiress, was to be there, with quite a bevy of other young persons of both sexes.

They were playing lawn-tennis when I drove up to the house, and at the very first sight of Miss Alesbury I was hopelessly in love.

Such a sylph-like figure, such blonde beauty, such bewitching sweetness and archness!

It was of no use the hint which I received from Tom Harding that she was suspected of a partiality for a certain Captain Matlock, who had "distinguished himself in the service."

Before I retired that night, I had secretly registered a vow that if any rational endeavor on my part could accomplish it, the fair Blanche and her fortune should be mine.

After a most agreeable week, spent in tennis, music, riding, and general lounging and flirtation, Mrs. Thornly, one morning after breakfast, remarked——

"We must get up something new, to which the neighbors and the people at Castleton can be invited.

"What shall it be?

"A lawn party?"

"Aw—lawn parties are so consoomedly stoopid," responded Adolphus, Mr. Thornly's rather fast brother.

"Let us have a wegular orthodox hop. Wheather's cool enough."

"Let us have a charade party," suggested Miss Dashwood, who was as fast in her way as young Thornly was in his.

"The very thing!" was the general exclamation among the ladies.

Miss Dashwood added——

"There can be dancing, also, after the acting, so as to please all."

"But can we manage it?" inquired Blanche doubtfully.

"Charades require some talent and experience to make them a success."

"Why, my dear, we had charades last summer," replied Mrs. Thornly, "and everybody thought that they were just splendid."

"Oh, but, Laura, we had Ned then, you know!" said Mr. Thornly.

"Ned seems to be a natural genius at that sort of thing."

"Humph!—aw—one may pwesume that all the family intellect isn't monopolized by one person," suggested Adolphus superciliously.

"Probably not, if she is the one person," whispered Miss Dashwood; whereat the lovely Blanche bit her coral lip demurely and smiled.

"Here is Taggart, now——" resumed Adolphus, waving his hand towards me; but I hastened at once to disavow the possession of any genius, hereditary or otherwise, for the getting up of charades.

"Well, we'll leave it to be settled among yourselves," remarked Mr. Thornly, as he walked off to look over the newly-arrived papers.

"I dare say you'll be able to contrive something original."

Thus thrown upon our own resources, we all looked at each other for a moment with a puzzled and inquiring glance.

Young Booker, the law student, was the first to speak.

"I say, I have an idea," he observed meditatively.

"Possible?" said Sparks, who enjoyed the reputation of being a wit.

"Put that down, somebody.

"Here, Harding, lend me a pencil, lest the precious gem of thought be wasted in the utterance."

"Oh, you needn't make such a fuss over one idea," retorted the student.

"I don't value 'em a bit, and I'll give you the benefit of this one.

"What do you say to Matrimony for a word?"

"Oh, that's played out!" cried all the ladies.

And 'Dolph added—

"That idea of yours ain't an original one after all, you see.

"I knew it wouldn't be. Come, air your brains, old fellow, for something fresh and lively."

"I don't see why we ladies should be overlooked and considered as incapable of ideas," said Miss Fanny Townes, with a toss of her head.

"How would Champagne do?"

"Capital!" said Booker.

"Sham-sham?

"Let's see.

"We'll have a maid-servant with a pillow in her hands, putting on one of those cases or covers you ladies call a sham; or we'll have a doctor, with vials sticking out of his pocket——"

"Or a lawyer, with deeds and papers projecting from a green bag," interrupted Blanche archly.

"Ha, ha! Good for you, Miss Blanche!" cried Adolphus.

"And as for the last syllable—pagne—that will be easy enough.

"I'll appear in a dressing-gown, with an awfully swelled face, you know."

"Oh, that will be too lovely for anything," exclaimed Miss Dashwood.

And Adolphus, highly elated, went on—

"The doctor will come in with a bottle of something and rub it on.

"And when I'm magically cured, we'll all sit under a grape-vine bower and drink a dozen champagne together.

"By Jove! but it's the very thing. Why, don't you see how the three acts fit into each other, as it were?

"And the curtain falls with all the characters grouped together upon the stage, in real dramatic style."

This brilliant conception was duly praised and unanimously adopted.

One or two other suggestions were made, until at length I spoke——

"What do you say, ladies, to Bluebeard?"

"Delightful!

"How will you manage it, Mr. Taggart?" they asked.

"Why, you see, we must have a learned lady—a regular blue, you know."

"Would Minerva do, in a helmet and shield, with a big book in her hand?" inquired 'Dolph briskly.

"Or Fanny here, in the azure dress and glasses, with Greek and Latin literature strewed around, and ink spots on her fingers," said Miss Dashwood.

"And for beard, we'll have Mr. Rawdon

in a barber's chair, and the barber trimming his moustache."

"Where's the moustache?" Sparks asks, innocently looking around.

"Never you mind. He can raise the beard, somehow.

"And for the last scene there must be a grand tableau.

"Bluebeard, the horrid wretch, holding poor Fatima by the hair, and waving his sword above his head.

"Mr Taggart has dark eyes and hair, and will make a first-rate Bluebeard.

"Blanche must be Fatima, because she has such lovely long hair to be dragged round by."

With a beating heart I looked at Blanche, who smiled and blushed entrancingly.

Shall I confess that this arrangement was exactly what I had anticipated in suggesting the word Bluebeard?

I was the only dark masculine of the party, and Miss Alesbury's lovely, luxuriant mass of golden hair was in itself sufficient to have suggested the thought of Fatima.

"By Jove! I'd no idea we were all so clever," cried 'Dolph.

"We must have rehearsal right away; and when it comes to the champagne scene, there'll have to be two or three bottles decapitated each time, to get us well in hand in that trick—you hear, Laura?" calling to his sister-in-law.

From that hour we were absorbed in our brilliant theatrical enterprise.

Music, tennis, everything else was neglected in the absorbing interest of the charades.

Scenery and adjuncts were artificially arranged, dresses got up in almost imposing style, and thrice a day rehearsals held, until we were all perfect in our parts—all but myself.

It might have been nervousness, or it might have been some magnetic influence beyond my power to either understand or control, but in those rehearsals, no sooner did my hand touch that glorious mesh of golden tresses, flowing loosely down the back of the lovely Fatima, than I was instantly seized with a cowardly trembling, insomuch that the motion was communicated to the sabre which I held suspended over the head of my fair victim.

In vain I sought to overcome the weakness.

The suppressed smiles of the ladies and the private jeers and witticisms of the men, annoyed me.

To make such an exhibition of myself on the stage, in the presence of the large company that would witness our performance, would be, I felt, extremely absurd.

And then, would not the fair Blanche resent my bringing her into so ridiculous a position?

"You must keep your sword still, Mr. Taggart," she had said to me earnestly enough; "for if I see it trembling and quivering above me in that style, I know that I shall laugh or scream, or do something else dreadful, which will spoil everything."

At this time I was luxuriating in an Elysium of hope and happiness.

Blanche liked me—I felt sure of it; and I thought blissfully of the future, when I should be the happy possessor of a pretty wife, and wealth enough to enable me to indulge my taste for elegant leisure and amusement.

True, I still occasionally heard hints of the objectionable Captain Matlock, and it was even said that he was now daily expected at Woodburn.

But Blanche had positively declared to Mrs. Thornly that she was not engaged; and considering my undeniable advantages of person and manner, why should I not have as good a chance of success as Captain Matlock?—who was described by Tom Harding as "a big, burly fellow, and not a bit of a lady's man."

It was the day before that fixed for the party.

Two or three couples, Blanche and I among them, had strolled out upon the lawn, and thence into the pretty woodland path which led to a rustic bridge not far off.

We were talking earnestly about the next day's performance.

"You won't forget about the sword, I will you, Mr. Taggart?" said Blanche, looking up with a sweet pleading in her eyes.

"I will do my best," I answered fervently.

"Sooner than cause you annoyance, will—will be ready to run the blade through my own hear!"

"Oh, don't talk so horribly, please!

"But, you see, I am afraid you don't exactly understand how you are to hold my hair.

"You must not grasp it too loosely, as you did yesterday.

"And above all, be sure not to pull too hard, or I shall scream.

"And throw your arm a little back, so as not to have the sharp blade hanging directly over my head. The sight of it makes me nervous."

"How?

"Is this right?"

I took up a stout stick which lay beside the path, and artistically poised it above my head.

The other couples were in front of us, and just turning a hazel copse out of sight,

"A little further back—so!"

She put up her lily-white hand and gently pressed back my arm.

"There!

"Now keep the blade still, mind, and don't pull my hair.

"Remember just how and where you are to take hold of it."

"But I don't exactly understand!

"You are to kneel—I beg pardon, Miss Blanche, but would you mind placing yourself in position for just one moment?

"I think we can manage it here between ourselves, than with those others looking on criticizing."

She dropped gracefully on her knees, and clasping her white hands, raised her face to mine.

Heavens! how lovely she looked, with the subdued light falling through the green foliage upon her white brow and golden hair.

No wonder that my uplifted hand trembled, and that my knees faltered, as though they wanted to go down on the grass beside her.

"There!

"I knew you'd tremble."

The mocking words nerved me.

I made a determined stride forward.

I whirled my club aloft.

I seized her by her hair—her glorious, golden hair— and— heavens and earth! what meant that piercing shriek?

What meant that mass of quivering curls which I held in my trembling grasp?

And was that Fatima's brother who suddenly rushed upon the scene, and with set teeth and flaming eyes confronted me?

I heard a voice which hissed—

"You villain!" and then came a shock as of an earthquake—ten million of stars danced before my eyes, and finally darkness and oblivion.

"You see," nervously explained 'Dolph, as he and Tom Harding propped me against a tree-trunk and mopped my nose with handkerchiefs dipped in the nearest puddle, "you see, he thought you were some lunatic, going to murder her—the consummate idiot!"

"Took you for a rejected lover, mad with jealousy and despair," said Tom Harding, scraping some green weed off my moustache.

"He!

"Who?" I feebly gasped.

"Why, Matlock, to be sure!

"He was driving up to the house, when he heard a piercing scream—recognized Miss Alesbury's voice, of course—rushed up in time to witness the tableau—lady fainting, and you standing over her with club uplifted and handful of——"

"Did she faint?" I inquired anxiously.

"Certainly!"

Here a grin overspread 'Dolph's countenance, while Tom looked preternaturally solemn.

"By Jove! what induced you to grab her by the hair, when you knew she wasn't fixed for rehearsal?

"I tell you, old fellow, you've made a muddle of it!

"She liked you—we could see that—but I am afraid you've done for yourself."

I didn't appear at the performance next evening.

Somebody was found to take my place.

Mrs. Thornly brought me in ice cream with her own hands, and kind messages from the young ladies—all but Miss Alesbury.

By the time that I had recovered sufficiently to be presentable, Miss Alesbury had left Woodburn, and it was known to everybody that she was engaged to Captain Matlock.

"It was most unfortunate," said Mrs. Thornly regretfully.

"For on the very evening of that—that wretched occurrence, she had acknowledged to me that she preferred you to the captain.

"But still, there are some things which a woman never gets over.

"You should have remembered she was not prepared for rehearsal."

I have never since engaged in acting charades, nor do I ever hear the word without emotions of the most poignant nature.

TAKE CARE OF A COLD.—Hardly a day passes in this climate of ours, between the chilly days of autumn and the month of June, that the community is not startled by the announcement of the sudden death of some prominent man, who has been at the head, perhaps, of vast enterprises.

We feel almost certain, before making the inquiry, that the immediate cause of death was pneumonia.

The obituary probably repeats that threadbare untruth about the "inscrutable mysteries of Providence."

There is really no mystery about it.

Business men, particularly Americans, are so intent on pushing their business that they lose sight of all else. They think they have no time to be ill, and in many instances they only realize the danger of delay when the shadow of death is upon them.

Had they less ambition to "die rich" they would be more likely to heed the warnings of danger that are always given, and then not one case of pneumonia in one hundred would prove fatal.

Any person—and particularly one over forty years of age—who neglects a severe cold at such season of the year is in danger of pneumonia.

The only safe plan is to remain in a warm, comfortable room, employing such remedies as may be prescribed by a competent physician.

A patient writes: "I sleep well, my appetite is good, and my digestion is much improved." This is the uniform testimony of those who use Compound Oxygen. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action, and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Grievous Error.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"AND this, I suppose, is the village schoolhouse," said Mark Moreau, as, emerging from the deep gloom of the woods, he stood in the little cleared space, where the grass was as close and fine as velvet, the scent of white clover filled the air, and a small one-storied house, painted Venetian red, nestled beneath the boughs of a monster walnut tree.

"Only there is no village worth mentioning, unless you wish to call the station one.

"Upon the whole, this portion of the world seems to be still in its primitive condition."

Mark Moreau had been fishing all day.

His basket was well filled, his lunch bag empty.

His india-rubber boots besplashed with mud.

His countenance bronzed with a fine, healthy color.

He was tired out, with joints aching, nose blistered.

And yet he called this "capital sport."

"Hallos, you sir!" said Moreau, to a sly, white-headed little urchin, who was coming down the hill with a pail, "what's in that pail?"

"Nothin', sir," was the answer.

"What are you doing with it?"

"Goin' after water."

"Is there a spring hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir."

Moreau nodded his head.

"Good," said he.

"Show me where it is, and I'll give you a penny."

The little lad, nothing loth, ran lightly on in advance until he reached the spot, beneath a huge, grey rock, where a tiny stream of water bubbled into a rude stone basin, worn by its continued drip.

"Here it is, mister," said he; "and here's a bowl to drink out of."

And Mr. Moreau drank a deep, long draught.

"Sweet as champagne," he said, "and colder than ice!"

And he flung the penny to the expectant lad, who, having secured his largess, speedily filled his pail and trudged up the hill once more.

"Johnny, Johnny! what keeps you so long!"

It was a sweet, bell-like voice, and Moreau listened to it with a sort of dreamy satisfaction, as he lay there among the ferns, staring up at the sky.

"The schoolma'am, in all probability," he said to himself, and turned half-way around, among the green "hart's tongues," to see what manner of female she was.

Round, and dimpled, and rosy, with hair like braided sunshine, big blue eyes, and cheeks pinker than the wild-roses even now scattering their petals over his face.

Mark raised himself on his elbow.

"She's a beauty," he said half aloud—"a wild-flower of the wilderness.

"And not a bit like the ideal district school-teacher.

"I'll get acquainted with that girl, or I'll know the reason why."

He left his basket and rod among the grass and wild-flowers, by the clear little spring, and walked slowly up the steep path.

The beauty in the pink-calico dress did not turn and flee, as he half-suspected she would, but stood waiting for him with calm composure worthy of a city belle.

"Pardon me," said Mark, inventing the first flagrant lie that he could think of, "but I am one of the trustees of the Andover District."

She curtsied prettily.

"I'm deeply interested in elementary education, and——"

"I am so sorry," said the pretty girl, "but it is past three o'clock, and I am just going to dismiss the children.

"Perhaps you would call to-morrow, if you are staying in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, certainly," said Mark, with a vague idea that he was being baffled by the dimpled, daisy-faced thing, who could not have been a day over eighteen—"certainly!

"Perhaps you are walking down in the direction of the hotel?"

"No," she said calmly. "I go up toward Deems' Lake."

Baffled again.

But Mark showed no cloud to dim the bland brightness of his visage.

"Ah!" said he, "then I will bid you good-bye, hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you again."

The pretty girl smiled, colored, and curtsied once again, and then—shut the schoolhouse door.

Mr. Moreau walked composedly down the hill.

"She is a little jewel," said he to himself, and she knows her value.

"I'll find out who she is, and what she is.

"Upon my word, I haven't seen such a face in a year.

"She's a little disposed to keep me at arm's length, but I like her the better for that."

Once under the shelter of the little inn—a long, straggling, stout building, which might have been a fortress, or might have been a grist-mill—he casually alluded to the day's adventure, as he sat over his broiled ham and eggs and coffee.

"Oh, by the way, squire," said he to his landlord, "I came across your district schoolhouse to day."

"Did ye, though?" said the tavern-keeper.

"Wal, now, ain't that kind o' our'us?

"Why, it's kep'—the deestrick school—by my niece, Ketury Spikes."

"Keturah Spikes!" repeated Mr. Moreau, rather taken aback.

Somehow, he had associated some very different nomenclature with the fair one with the golden locks.

"Keturah" did not not seem to suit her at all.

"Yes, Ketury Spikes," said mine host.

"Named arter an aunt as was expected to leave her money, but didn't.

"Pretty smart gal, though, Ketury.

"Don't need any legacy to help her along."

"I should think not," remarked Mark Moreau.

"Got a history, Ketury has," went on the landlord, whose name was Lemuel Stiles.

"Indeed!"

"Disapp'inted!" said Stiles.

"Engaged to be married.

"The young man give leg-bail and enlisted.

"And Ketury she has made a solemn vow."

"Never to marry?" asked Mark Moreau quickly.

"No, to marry the first identickle chap as axed her," retorted the landlord, with a grin.

"Our gals up here is plucky.

"But somehow Ketury never got the chance.

"Fellers is scarce in these parts, ye see.

"Ye ain't a marrying man, be ye, stranger?" with a sudden speculative gleam in his eyes.

Mark smiled.

"I might be," said he.

"If you would kindly give me a letter of introduction to Miss Spikes, I believe I will try my luck with her.

"For, to speak the truth, I was exceedingly pleased with what little I saw of her this morning."

"Sartin I will!" he said.

"And I'll tell you what, stranger, there ain't many gals like my niece, Ketury."

As Mark sat before the big fire, which the chilliness of the September evening rendered not uncomfortable, he smiled to himself with a Mephistophelian satisfaction.

"At all events," he thought, "this will open the way to a very pleasant little flirtation.

"And if worst comes to worst, I can but follow the example of the volunteer."

All that evening, Mr. Lemuel Stiles, who, according to his own frank admission, was "no scholard," wrestled with a sheet of paper, a musty ink-bottle, and a stump of a pen, and at ten o'clock produced the following document, not without a certain grave triumph—

"Neece Kitoorah, this is to interduce mr. mark mare, who Wants a Wife and you want a Husband and there's a pare of you. From your affectionate Uncle to comand,

"L. STILES."

"I guess that there'll do the business," said Mr. Stiles with pardonable pride, as he smeared out a blot from the loop of the L with his coat-cuff.

Mark Moreau glanced over it rather dubiously.

"If she wasn't such a beauty," he thought, "this would seem rather a Quixotic enterprise.

"But those sapphire-blue eyes would light a man over the very Tarpeian Cliff!"

And the next morning he proceeded straight to the school-house.

"Here!" he said, to a red-haired boy, who was shuffling his feet outside the door, "is Miss Spikes within?"

"Just come, sir," said the boy.

"School ain't in yet.

"Wants six minutes to nine yet."

"Give her this slip of paper, please," said our hero, "and tell her I am waiting outside."

Half a minute later, there was a rush like that of a buffalo, and a tall, lean female, with a scanty knot of fox-colored hair screwed on the top of her head, watery blue eyes, and badly-fitting false teeth, flung herself on his shoulder.

"When I seen you go by the tavern yesterday I felt you was my counterpart!" sighed this gentle gazelle, with a strong scent of fried onions in her breath; "but little did I dream as you was so near me in soul.

"I was a-settin' on the back door-step when you went a-past.

"I had the face ache, and Fanny Dorel she took charge of the school for me yesterday."

"Fanny Dorel!"

This, then, was the name of the gold-tressed divinity who had taken his heart by storm.

There was a misapprehension all around, and Mark Moreau made haste to disengage himself from Miss Keturah Spikes' clinging arms.

"There is some mistake," said he hurriedly.

"No three ain't," said she.

"I supposed this letter was addressed to Fanny Dorel," he pleaded.

"It says Keturah Spikes plain enough, don't it?" said the lady, with gathering clouds upon her brow.

"My dear Miss Spikes——" he began.

"Call me Keturah" she smiled.

"I see that I am intruding on the busiest part of your day," he urged.

"School teachin' ain't nothin' when the

tenderest feelin's of the heart is concerned," murmured the tall woman.

"But business is business," reasoned our hero artfully.

"I shall see you this evening at your uncle's house.

"Until then, good-bye!"

The school-bell clanged—Mark hurried away.

He plunged into the woods, wiping his reeking brow.

"Good Jupiter!" he muttered to himself, "does that Gorgon believe that there is a man in the world mad enough to marry her?"

Miss Spikes "let out school" early that day, and hurried to the tavern without loss of time.

"Where's Mr. Moreau?" she breathlessly demanded of her uncle.

"Gone," he said, "bag and baggage, horse and foot.

"Sent for his luggage at eleven o'clock, and took the southward bound train."

Miss Keturah wrung her hands.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she gasped.

"Why did I ever lose sight of him?"

"Ketturah," said her uncle severely, "that's the third lust and you've let slip!"

"I begin to think it's all your bad management.

"And this was a dreadful likely man, too."

As for Mark Moreau, he scarcely dared to breathe freely until he was fairly forty miles away.

He had merely intended to amuse himself by a little flirtation with a woodland beauty.

But the matter had become decidedly serious.

And perhaps he needed the lesson.

Flirting young men sometimes do need lessons.

In the Gloaming.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

"NOW, my little Truthie, you'd better lay all this to heart."

This was the end of handsome Hal Hale's long lecture to his pretty, coquettish little sister Truth.

He lay in the hammock before the open door, and she sat upon the lower stair in the hall, pouting and playing with a daisy chain.

It had been a long and unusually serious lecture, all about Neil Gaynor, the last of Truth's summer lovers, whose heart she was playing with as she had played with a score of other lovers since the lovely season at Mossmere began.

"If Neil were a noodle like Fitzgerald, or a fool like Markham, Truthie, I wouldn't care," Hal had said.

"But for you just to amuse yourself at playing hide-and-seek with a royal fellow like Neil won't do; in fact, he won't stand it, and you'll never have another such an offer, you silly, spoiled little puss, as long as you live.

"So take my advice and marry him off-hand like a woman, and have no more of this flirting."

Hal had turned over in the hammock and taken up his book.

Truth had twisted her chain until she broke it.

She was still pouting, but the flush had died off her dimpled cheeks, and there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes. She did not speak.

She could not tell Hal that his shafts of truth had gone home.

She knew well enough that Neil Gaynor was "just splendid."

She had learned it already by the manly way with which he received her refusal the previous evening.

"She liked him very much as a friend, but she could not think of anything further," she had said, her golden head as high as possible in the air, and her gaze wandering as far as it could from the serious attention of his handsome gray eyes.

They were such clear, frank, honest eyes.

They haunted her sleep that night.

She woke up and thought by the moonlight, and felt very small and mean.

What did make her such an inscrutable trifler she could not understand.

She knew that there were not many men like Neil Gaynor.

Instead of being grateful for his love, why had she erected her head, like a silly bird, and declined it?

And he had not uttered an angry or reproachful word, had not accused her of flirting, called her "a heartless coquette," as the others did—only bowed in silence and left her courteously.

But those clear, beautiful eyes would not be forgotten.

She sobbed a little on her pillow, trying to decide that she didn't care.

And now, with morning, comes Hal's serious interference, though he knew nothing about last evening's scene.

She was really beginning at what she had done and dared not tell him—good Hal, who was the kindest elder brother and guardian, ever had for though she had no father, Neil would be displeased. No, she could not tell Hal.

Hal returned, Mr. Neil Gaynor, on his black horse. Love, gold-brown as to the cream, and, seeing her, at once pulled up, raised his hat and passed on.

The scene was at an end the people at the hotels going home.

What if he were to town and she never saw him again?

A great cloud came over her eyes the wind moaned among the woodland at the door what alone for answer.

Poor girl, she [illegible]

She sprang [illegible]

What if Hal should [illegible] and see her crying?

She drenched her face well with cologne before she came down to dinner.

"Truthie," said Hal, [illegible] at the luncheon table, "I [illegible] you this morning a scolding [illegible] little sister of his, [illegible] faults, good Hal [illegible], we are to go to Mrs. St. Rose's for to-morrow evening."

The color which Truth had not been able to rub into her cheeks appeared brightly now.

Mrs. St. Rose was Neil Gaynor's sister, the most delightful lady in existence, who lived at a charming place called Homeparks, and twice a year gave a large party.

"She is rather late with her party this year.

"I believe she has been waiting for her niece to come down from the mountains," said Hal, carefully choosing a stalk of celery.

"Have you ever seen this Miss Myrtle?" asked Truth, glad that he was not looking at her and finding out her secret, she felt so miserably transparent, poor little thing!

"Oh, yes, I have seen her," replied Hal carelessly, dodging behind the big bouquet of lilies in the centre of the table, to prevent her looking at him.

"Pretty, isn't she?"

"Very."

"Have you seen much of her?"

"Considerable."

"Where?"

"Neil went to bring her to the assemblies last winter.

"Oh!"

The red faded out of Truth's cheeks again.

She had not been to the assemblies; she had a tendency to cough, and the doctor had forbidden it; and Neil Gaynor did not dance.

"Why, then, had he taken this pretty cousin, Maud Myrtle, to them?

Obviously only to please her.

She was a good dancer, she had heard; and Hal, who was very fastidious, pronounced her pretty.

Truth pushed away her meringue untasted.

The color did not come back into the rounded cheek.

She went upstairs and tried to think what she should wear to Mrs. St. Rose's.

Whatever it might be she was sure Maud Myrtle's would be prettier.

She was very fashionable, and Neil had an eye for dainty costumes.

No sign of Neil that evening, nor all the next long, bright day, though the St. Rose carriage had gone by, Neil driving with his beautiful cousin.

Miss Myrtle was beautiful!

Truth saw that she was a charming brunette, with a cherry-red mouth, and curling black lashes.

She was talking to Neil with the most delightful animation, and he was listening with an enjoyable smile.

If she had been crying again, when she came down dressed for the party, cologne and a dash of pearl powder had concealed all results about the pretty eyelids.

She wore white and knots of cherry blossoms, and looked gentle and sweet enough for a nun or a bride, Neil Gaynor thought, when he saw her.

He bowed pleasantly.

He had Maud on his arm; he seemed devoted to her, Truth thought.

"He finds her kinder than I, and she is far, far prettier!" she murmured.

She felt as if she were choking; but she must not be a baby there.

She forced herself to chat, and sing, and eat ices, keeping for the most part with Hal though he was strangely preoccupied, and spilled cream and blundered over ladies' dresses in a most unusual way for him.

Truth asked him to take her into the garden, at last, and he did so.

Part was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and part in lovely moonlighted shadow; but the moonlight, and the fragrance, and music, made Truth want to cry worse than before—that strange, lonely pain at her heart was so very hard to bear.

Hal threw himself down on the seat of a little rose-covered arbor, with a long sigh, which Truth observed, and asked him if his new boots hurt him.

He replied gravely that they did not although they were a very snug fit.

"You had better run in and sing that duet with Mrs. St. Rose, which you declined to do awhile ago, while I smoke a cigar," he said. "I will be here when you come back."

Perhaps she hadn't been nice to decline; it wouldn't do to mope there anyway, Truth knew; she certainly should be crying—the music of the bird hidden among the acacias was so sad; so, never suspecting that Hal wanted to be rid of her, she turned away and flitted back to the parlors.

Again Mrs. St. Rose urged her to sing with her, and this time she consented.

But the words blurred and the lights dazzled, for Neil, with Maud upon his arm, went out as she came in.

After the song she flirted desperately with Bert St. Rose for twenty minutes, and then slipped away to rejoin Hal.

She ran down the [illegible] steps, turned around a clump of shrubbery, and there, in the shadow of a locust-tree, stood a pair of lovers.

She could only see the outline of the gentleman's form in the gloom, but of course it was Neil Gaynor, for the glow of a Chinese lantern struck Maud Myrtle's face where it was lifted tenderly to his, as he bent [illegible]

ing, he kissed those beautiful lips, and as Truth paused, breathless, she saw a ring slipped on that snowy hand.

With a sob she turned and fled noiselessly as a zephyr.

She reached the rose arbor by another path.

She rushed into the fragrant gloom and flung herself upon the half-incumbent figure on the rustic seat.

"Oh, dear Hal, take me home!

"I want to go!

"I cannot stay here!

"No, Governor is engaged to his cousin, and it's all my fault.

"I refused him.

"I didn't dare tell you.

"But oh, I'm so miserable!

"You don't need to scold me, Hal.

"As soon as he had gone I knew I loved him.

"He is so [illegible], good and splendid.

"How could I help it?

"I was so [illegible] but I am unhappy enough now.

"Oh, Hal, take me home! My heart will break!"

The arms which had closed so quickly about her drew her closer.

In all his life, Hal had never failed to be tender when she repented of her follies.

"Don't scold me, Hal?

"I'm punished enough.

"I love him so, and have lost him!"

"Are you sure, little girl?"

It wasn't Hal's voice.

Truth caught a quick breath as that strange yet familiar voice went on—

"Are you sure you love me, Truthie, darling?

"Because I hold you so dear I cannot be trifled with again."

"No."

"Yes."

"I—I am all in the dark!" stammered Truth, trying to free herself.

But the gentle arms held her yet more firmly.

"So am I, unless you say once more those precious words.

"Say—

"'I love you, Neil!'"

It was very dark, else Truth, blushing to the roots of her golden hair, could never have said them.

But very sincere sounded the sweet voice—

"I love you Neil!"

"My darling!"

There was no doubt or mistrust to make his voice cold now, and Truthie nestled in those sheltering arms in a delicious happiness.

"But Neil," she whispered at last, "whom did I see with Maud Myrtle?"

"Hal, I suspect. He loves her to distraction.

"They met at the assembly balls, last winter, and he visited her at my sister's when she was in town.

"[illegible] in correspondence all summer, but Hal wasn't sure of Maud—she is such an uncommon nice girl and has so many lovers—and begged me to get him a chance this evening, to speak with her alone.

"He came down here, and I brought Maud down, and as soon as we appeared he popped out of the arbor and I popped in.

"I guessed how it would be when they strolled away, but I never dreamed of the little girl who had given me such a heartache rushing in here and making me her father-confessor."

His hand rested tenderly on her golden head.

"Oh, Neil," she sighed, "aren't you glad that it was dark?"

THE ALCHEMIST'S REWARD.—Many legends have come down from time to time of the alchemists of the fifteenth century, who spent their lives in futile attempts to form from baser metals that pure and noble one called gold.

A certain French philosopher and chemist had secluded himself for many years from the world, and had lived the life of a hermit, in which seclusion he was able to pursue his investigation without interference. From day to day he followed the experiments with feverish eagerness, hoping that each day brought him nearer the successful finishing of his work.

One night, while working later than he had been accustomed to labor, and feeling discouraged and fatigued, he cried, "Oh, that I possessed this wonderful secret! I would not publish it to the world, but use it to end my life in luxury and pleasure."

As he relapsed into his meditations he thought he heard a voice coming from the direction of the retorts.

He listened again more attentively, and to his astonishment he distinguished these words, which were indistinctly formed by the noise of boiling chemicals in the glass vessels:

"You wish that the secret may be yours," said the voice.

"Despair not, for you are wrong and use only the knowledge [illegible] well, you shall [illegible]

The words ceased, and the alchemist, believing that he had been deceived, [illegible] but, to his utter astonishment, in the trough used to catch the drops of melted metal he beheld a mass of shining gold.

He was overcome with joy at having attained the purpose of his life.

The greatness of his good fortune turned his head, and having collected his materials together he left his country, [illegible] and going to the continent, [illegible] at a palace [illegible] in the greatest splendor, rivaling [illegible] neighbors, who wondered where this man, who lived like a king, had come from. He gave fetes and dinners, and seemed to be trying to make up for his former lonely life.

One night, while at a great ball he had given, he was startled by a voice whispering in his ear, "You have treated my gift with impunity, and your life is forfeited; but you shall have one more chance. Beware!"

The trembling man left the room, and for some time lived in comparative quietude; but he soon relapsed into his former follies, and one night at a magnificent dinner, for which he had spent hundreds of pieces of gold, he entirely forgot the warning spirit until suddenly he heard the following words hissed in his ear, "Ungrateful slave, receive thy reward!"

In an instant he was whirled away, nobody knew where, and his house, his furniture, and every article he possessed, disappeared at the same time.

And this was the sad end of the alchemist and his valuable secret.

In his passion for pleasure he had forgotten everything else.

Scientific and Useful.

STEAM.—Exhaust steam should not be discharged into a brick chimney; the steam will disintegrate the mortar, and the chimney be injured.

PAINT FOR CANVAS.—A flexible paint for canvas is made as follows: Yellow soap, two and a half pounds; boiling water, one and a half gallons; dissolve; grind the solution while hot with 125 pounds of good oil paint.

"HIGH" GAME.—Some French scientists have lately presented a report to the Paris Academy of Sciences in which they point out that the consumption of game in the condition known as "high" exposes the partaker to great risk of blood-poisoning. They affirm that tainted meat contains animalculæ, that this is the agency which does the work of softening and destroying the muscular tissues, and that it is not easy to determine the exact time when putrefaction commences.

STRATENA.—Stratena, the cement, whose wonderful powers are so frequently extolled upon the streets, is probably the cheapest [illegible] It is so strong that it will [illegible] in place, and is used for this purpose by [illegible] jewelers, who [illegible] the settings of their precious stones [illegible] which it is put in place upon [illegible] with [illegible] cement. It is made by dissolving isinglass in alcohol along with [illegible] Water will make it perfectly transparent.

FEVER-PROOF.—A late fever-proof dress consists of a kind of overall made of mackintosh, which is glazed inside and outside, with a hood attached, so that the body, with the exception of the face and hands, is wholly enveloped in its folds. If necessary, a respirator is also used, through which no germs can pass. The fact of the face and hands being exposed is not considered a material disadvantage, for those parts can be readily washed with a disinfectant. The object sought is to enable the wearer of the dress to go into fever-stricken rooms without the necessity of changing clothes afterwards. The dress can be easily cleansed with disinfectants at the end of the day, and is ready for use when occasion demands.

Farm and Garden.

CABBAGE AND TURNIPS.—A trial was made last season in Scotland to test the feeding value of an acre of cabbage compared with the value of an acre of Swedish turnips for fattening sheep, and it was found that the cabbages were worth nearly $20 more.

SILOS.—The earth-silo has been tried with success. It consists of a trench six feet deep, and of any dimensions desired. The green stuff is placed in this pit, covered with a layer of roofing-felt, and then with earth, so as to force the mass down with the necessary pressure.

HOGS.—The sow should be fed but little corn during the last two months of her pregnancy. Her diet should avoid that which is so heating and fattening. Oats, bran, middlings and beets are a great deal better than the overheating corn diet.

FRUIT.—As a rule, early kinds of fruit pay the small grower better than do ones, they come earlier into bearing, they can be gathered and marketed without storing and without loss, and though undoubtedly [illegible] keeping apples and pears are worth more than early kinds, yet there is a good deal of trouble involved in keeping them; a good fruit-room would be required, and under any circumstances there would always be some waste.

TURKEYS.—Any one may grow the [illegible] with certainty of flowering if the following conditions are observed. In [illegible] sure that the flower pot is [illegible] for one [illegible] pounds squeeze, [illegible] that has dried [illegible] the utensil [illegible] and then [illegible] of no [illegible] [illegible] remove all [illegible] from the [illegible] of the bulb and plant at [illegible] depth.

A big [illegible] of [illegible] in his letter of thanks to Dr. Ayer for having introduced Ayer's Pills into the Imperial Empire, [illegible] them "Sweet Curing Seeds, [illegible] at proper times." They are sweet, they cure, and are, therefore, the most profitable seeds [illegible] a sick man can swallow.

Our Young Folks.

OUR HAPPY FAMILY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE SEA-LION'S STORY.

THE ancient-looking sea-lion raised his ponderous frame half out of the water, and as the moonbeams shone on his hoary head and his dripping person he began his story.

"Ah, my dears! it is indeed well to be young and enjoy life, and never sigh for what you have not got.

"I wish I had learned that lesson sooner. If you want to know where I came from I will tell you, though you would scarcely believe it.

"What do you say to the Falkland Islands?"

"Perhaps you have never heard of them," and Greybeard rolled his head waggishly, while Eva and Jeff looked at each other doubtfully.

"Never mind," proceeded the sage, jocularly, "I won't tell your governess, so it does not much matter.

"Well! long ago, when my coat was black, and my fur was soft, and I was a very young lion indeed, I used to live—at least, to spend my summers at the Falkland Isles.

"I don't remember anything particular we used to do in winter, but, oh! when the warm weather came, how we enjoyed it.

"All my relations—hundreds and hundreds of them, old and young—used to swim off to the bleak shores, where there were ledges of flat rocks rising one over another, just the kind of place where you would like to paddle about.

"The old fathers of the families used to land first, and they would go in such a terrible hurry.

"They each knew the piece of rock which had belonged to them the preceding year, and, of course, wanted to take possession of it again; but that was easier said than done.

"It must have been fine to see those fat, heavy old fellows swimming for their dear lives, shoving each other aside, and puffing and blowing from their exertions.

"Then, naturally enough, whoever was left behind and was too late to get upon his own rock, used to fight for a home of some kind or other, and the roaring and bellowing must have been heard at any distance off—I say 'it must have been,' because, unfortunately, I never witnessed the scene myself, as we younger ones were not allowed to go near the shore until all the fighting was over, and our mothers and aunts had settled down comfortably in their own homes.

"Ah, me, it was very hard!" and Greybeard turned away and dropped a few briny tears.

"What was very hard?" asked Eva, sympathizingly, for she felt sorry for him, though she did not quite see the point of his woe.

"Hard that I was young," sobbed the sea-lion.

"I was shut out of everything.

"I wanted to have a home of my own, and they said I was too young—no lion is allowed to set up house until he is six years old!

"Besides, I wanted so much to try how it would feel to eat no food for four months, for none of the old grandfathers touch a morsel from the time they go on shore till they leave it again, and then they are so thin and slender."

"Dear! dear!" sighed Jeff, in horror, "what a strange creature, wishing not to eat instead of wanting nice things.

"I am afraid of him, Eva; let us move on."

"Ah, no!" whispered his sister, gently, "the poor old sea-lion likes to tell his troubles.

"It will ease his mind."

"Well, my dears," pursued Greybeard, when he had wiped his eyes, "I must resume my story.

"I dare say I was silly, for if I had waited I should have had what I wanted all in good time, and the life we led was jolly enough.

"For while the old papas and mammas were taking care of their homes, we youngsters had nothing to do but to amuse ourselves all the day long.

"We had swimming races, we played, we frisked about and caught fish, and, oh! how we loved the delicious warm water!"

"Why, so I do," said Eva, "you ought to have been as happy as you could wish."

"Perhaps I ought," sighed Greybeard, with a sigh that sounded like the wind whistling through a keyhole, "but I had not had the advantages of your education; so excuse me.

"I was going to relate the first real adventure that ever befel me.

"One unusually hot afternoon (for I must tell you the weather is not very warm there as you might suppose on account of the islands being close to South America,) I and my companions having tired ourselves with play, were fast asleep on a platform of rock, when all of a sudden I was awakened by something falling over me, and striking me a cruel blow on the nose.

"Perhaps you don't know," added the old lion, dolefully—concealing his nasal organ behind a flipper as he spoke, as if some one might be tempted to run away with it—"perhaps you don't know that my nose is peculiarly sensitive.

"I have to guard it carefully, for any knock puts me to torture, so you can imagine my sufferings when I was aroused in so unpleasant a manner.

"I started up with a ferocious snort, and then I saw a poor little girl lying all in a heap, with the blood flowing from a wound in her head."

"A little girl!

"Was she white?

"What was her name?

"Do tell us!" cried both the children, eagerly.

"She was an Indian, and her name was Pomâra," answered Greybeard, "but brown or white matters little. She was a darling child.

"Poor little thing, she had been very much hurt in her fall over the rocks.

"She afterwards told me she had been climbing a high ledge, when a centipede stung her, and she lost her balance and fell, but of course I knew nothing of this at first.

"I crawled over to her, and smelt her, and wondered what was the matter, and when I saw her eyes open I did not like it and I ran away again, but soon I found there was nothing to fear.

"Pomâra was delighted at seeing me so close when I again ventured up, and she tried to entice me to come and talk to her.

"She was very weak and giddy, and could hardly manage to walk home, but she had no bones broken, and every day after that she used to come down to the shore, and peep from behind the rocks till she saw me.

"She was an only child, and had no companions to play with, and she seemed delighted to make my acquaintance."

"How old was she?" inquired Eva.

"Just about your age, my dear," replied the sea-lion, gazing in a mournful manner at Eva, "and, oh, I did love her so! her hair was long and dark, and her eyes were large and bright, and her dear little brown body was so soft and plump.

"After she and I became friends she used to bathe with me.

"She was a timid child, and rather dreaded the water at first, but when she saw all the fun I had she was tempted to join me.

"She tried riding on my back once, but I was too slippery, she said, and she had nothing to hold by, so she fell off into the water laughing, and scolding me heartily, and did not try that game a second time."

"What did you eat?" inquired Eva.

"Oh, a variety of things," replied the veteran, "sometimes fish, sometimes molluscs, and sometimes, when I was very fortunate, I caught a sea-bird, but I don't get those now.

"Ah me!"

"I am glad you don't," muttered Jeff, "you might be contented with fish."

"I nearly forgot to tell you of the great pleasure I had," said the sea-lion, "that was feeding my little mistress.

"She was often hungry.

"I have seen her trying to find limpets and other shell-fish to eat, for you know the Falkland Isles are rather barren, then I used to dash off through the surf, and dart about until I caught some splendid fish, which I would take to land, and lay at her feet.

"How her eyes would brighten, and she would rest her head against mine, and pat me, and thank me.

"Then she used to run and light a fire, and heat the food before she ate it, though why she did such a strange thing as that I never could understand, for the fish is so much nicer raw."

"Well, I cannot imagine why you were not contented with your life," said Eva, wonderingly.

"I should have thought you would have been very happy."

"My dear, I was wrong, I will allow it," answered Greybeard, "but I must tell you that everything was not rose color.

"First of all, though I gained the affections of my little mistress, I had lost those of my companions.

"They were indignant at my desertion of them, they said such a thing had never been heard of as a friendship between a sea-lion and a human being—it was absurd, romantic, silly.

"They would not listen to my excuses as I tried to describe my little playfellow's goodness of heart and her endearing ways."

"'No, no,' they cried, 'don't trust her, she will beguile you to your doom.

"'She only wants to get your beautiful fur and make a seal-skin tippit for her shoulders.'

"Then I used to get so indignant, I would rush off and leave the suspicious creatures to themselves.

"Things got worse and worse.

"Pomâra had such an intense desire to see how the old sea-lion behaved, she wanted to study their habits so much, that in order to gratify her I often showed her crevices in the rocks, whence she might peep at the Rookery without being seen.

"But one morning she got into such an ecstasy on beholding a mother sea-lion which was carrying a little one in her mouth as a cat does, that the child clapped her hands with delight.

"Then there was a commotion.

"A little mischief-making fellow called Harry... cried out that Greybeard had betrayed them.

"Amidst barking, roaring, bleating, and hideous noises of all kinds, the whole colony rushed to the water, where they abused me to their heart's content, and then the next proceeding was to hold a court-martial upon me, at which they decided that I should be 'sent to Coventry,' unless I at once agreed to abandon my allegiance to my Indian playfellow.'

"And what did you do?" inquired Jeff.

"I listened to them very respectfully," answered Greybeard, "and I was on the point of telling them that nothing would induce me to give up my playmate, when a friendly bird, who had often seen me in company with Pomâra, and who happened to be sailing over our heads, began his rarely-heard but deliciously sweet song.

"I looked up, and he managed by signs to inform me that the whole colony of seal-ions meant to move next day.

"This being the case, I requested a day's leave for deliberation as to my answer, and starting away I found my little mistress crying bitterly, for she thought she had got me into some dreadful trouble.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HETTY'S PROBLEM.

"THREE and five are eight, and two is a ten," she said.

"That's every single cent I've got, and I'm sure I can't get much of a supper with that."

A troubled little woman of business was Hetty.

She had come into town in the morning with papa.

Mamma and the boys were to come in the late train.

They had expected to board for a few days until their house could be got ready.

But the house proved to be much better furnished than they had supposed, and one dinner at the boarding-house was as much as the father cared for.

"We will go to housekeeping right away, little woman," he said gaily to Hetty, as they roamed through the cottage after dinner.

"I guess you can pucker something together for supper, and mamma will be more comfortable here, I am sure."

So they had been to work all the long, bright afternoon, brushing, dusting, filling water pitchers, doing a hundred other things, and now papa was gone to order coal, and to stop at the market and the baker's, and then to go to the train, and little Hetty was to have supper ready by the time they all returned.

She had forgotten to get any money from papa.

She felt very doleful—nothing but baker's sour bread, and not very good butter.

What could be bought with twenty-eight cents?

"Homesick?" said a voice at her elbow, and the girl whom she took to be her next door neighbor, and whom she didn't like because she had freckles and a turned-up nose, and wore an ugly calico dress, sat down in the door-way.

She had a pleasant voice, and chatted away so cheerily, that Hetty found herself telling how much she would like to get a nice tea for mamma, and how sure she was that she couldn't do it with so little money.

"Twenty-eight cents will do lots," said the girl with freckles.

"You ought to get the necessary things first.

"Have you milk?"

"Oh, no!" said Hetty, with a little start.

"I forgot all about milk."

"There's a milkman yelling at the next corner," said the visitor.

"Give me your pitcher and I'll run and get you some milk.

"It is eight cents a quart."

So Hetty counted out eight pennies and away she ran.

"Suppose you have butter cakes for supper," she said, when they were discussing the matter again.

"I don't know how to make them," said Hetty.

"I do,

"They're easy.

"Have you flour?"

Hetty nodded.

"A sack full.

"Papa got it with the sugar and tea and things."

"I suppose you haven't any sour milk.

"But I have.

"I could lend you a cupful.

"The next thing would be eggs.

"You might get half a dozen at the grocery around the corner."

She had such a brisk, cheery voice, and was so eager to help, and seemed to know so well what to do, that Hetty found herself following full directions, and was presently in the kitchen bending over her batter cakes.

In the midst of their work came a boy calling out right under the window—

"Strawberries, only twelve cents a quart."

"Oh, delightful!" said Hetty.

"Mamma and papa will like some so much."

And 12 cents were counted out.

The eggs had taken six, so there were just two cents left; but the supper was ready.

Hetty looked dismayed over the baking the moment she tried the first one, and it acted as though it were bewitched.

But the girl with freckles said—

"Never mind; they do act mean sometimes, especially if you aren't used to them.

"Now, I take ours every morning.

"I do them, and you carry them in, piping hot."

What a supper it was for the tired travelers, and what a surprise to the father as well as to the mother and the boys.

"You're a witch!" said papa, taking his seventh cake.

"How do you manage?

"Have you a machine out in the kitchen that grinds them out?"

Hetty laughed gleefully.

"Yes, sir," she said; "I have, and it has freckles and a turned up nose, and is perfectly splendid.

"I know I shall love her dearly.

"I do now.

"And this very afternoon I thought I should never like her a bit."

The girl with freckles went home soon after the cakes were baked, and her mother said to her—

"Jane Briggs, what a queer girl you are!

"As tired as you were, to go out to the neighbors—strange ones at that—and work for them over a hot stove till your cheeks are as red as a beet!"

Jane laughed.

"It wasn't hard work," she said, "and the house-keeper is such a little thing, and looked so lonesome, I thought maybe she was one of the little ones that the Lord told us to help, you know; so I thought I'd try it."

"You are a very queer girl!" her mother said.

And I think she was.

THE FOOLISH CHICKEN.—"We'll go abroad, and I'll be your leader," said Flutter, as he stood on top of an earthenware jar that was very carefully closed at the top.

And the other chickens stood round and listened as these brave words were spoken.

"It's a shame for us to be cooped up here," said Flutter, "and to be kept under our mother's wings whenever the owl screeches, as if we were not able to take care of ourselves.

"And as for the fox she's always talking about, I don't believe there is one.

"We ought to go into the world and see things for ourselves.

"It will be very pleasant, without doubt; and I'll show you the way."

The other chickens were delighted.

It would be very pleasant to go out into the fields by themselves.

And they ruffled out their feathers, and made themselves as large as they possibly could.

The old hen, who was not very far off, heard all that they said, but made no remark.

Presently the stable door was pushed open.

"Now," said Flutter.

And in another moment Flutter and half a dozen of the other chickens were struggling across the farmyard.

But the sights and sounds to which they were unaccustomed confused and bewildered them.

Everything looked so large, and the geese and turkeys made so much noise and looked so fierce that even Flutter felt he should not be sorry to be in the stable again.

But, alas! he did not know the way back again, and as for the others, they began to cry out lustily for their mother to help them.

They also began to reproach Flutter for leading them into danger.

"You a leader!" said Twitter, "and not know your way!

"I thought from your grand manner of talking that you knew everything.

"And now for all I see we shall be trampled down or eaten up by some of these horrid creatures."

"Oh! oh! oh!" shrieked Speckle, as a great gander hissed and flapped his wings close by her.

"Oh! oh! oh! we shall all be killed!" cried the chickens in chorus.

"You stupid things," said a bantam cock, "who's going to kill you?

"But you deserve a good fright for running away from home."

Just then the hen, who had followed her naughty chickens, gave a motherly cluck, which the frightened creatures heard with joy, and forthwith flew to her for protection.

Even Flutter was very thankful to find himself under the shadows of her wings.

He hung his head and felt somewhat ashamed of himself as the old hen said to him—

"Ah, Flutter! it is very easy to talk, but it is not so easy to act. And this I hope you'll not forget."

RAPID PROMOTION.—One of Napoleon's veterans, who had survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great pride how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at a review, when the latter, not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you, Captain." "In what regiment, Sire?" instantly asked the really-witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "I'm on my guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning.

A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Newark News.*

THE DREAM.

BY C. J.

In the dream I dreamt to-night
Love came, armed with magic might,
Fret and fever, doubt and fear,
Foes that haunt his kingdom here,
Misconception, vain regretting,
Bootless longing, cold forgetting,
The dark shades of change and death,
Ever hovering on his path;
Vanished, from or sound or sight,
In the dream I dreamt to-night.

Time's strong hand fell helpless down;
Fate stood dazed without her frown;
Sly suspicion, cold surprise,
Failed 'neath the happy eyes;
And the voice I love was speaking,
And the smile I love was making
Sunshine in the golden weather,
When we two stood close together;
For you reigned in royal right
In the dream I dreamt to-night.

And I woke, and woke to see
A cold world, bare and blank to me;
A world whose stare and sneer scarce bidden,
Told me that as fruit forbidden,
Love and trust must ever pine,
In so sad a clasp as mine;
All too faint and fragile grown,
For gifts that youth holds all its own;
Ah, best to wake, forgetting quite,
The sweet dream I dreamt to-night.

LOST CITIES.

SCATTERED throughout this and foreign countries, we find extensive traditions respecting cities buried beneath the land or water, which, although occasionally founded on fact, have in most cases a legendary origin.

It has been suggested that it may have sprung from the well-known myth of the "Happy Isles," a tradition which is found amongst nearly every nation of the globe, and which formed an object of belief amongst the Greeks and Romans of old, and still enters into the folk-lore of the Irishman, the Welshman, the Hindu, and the red Indian of to-day.

Cities which have been ingulfed by the sea are supposed to appear above the waves at dawn on Easter-day, or to be visible by moonlight in the still depths of the water; their bells being at times heard sounding dismally below.

But the most numerous legends of sunken cities are scattered through Ireland, some of which are of a most romantic origin. Thus the space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing city; but, for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its king still resides in one of the caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years at midnight he issues forth, mounted on his white charger, and makes the complete circuit of the lake; a performance which he is to continue till the silver shoes of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed, and the city reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming though the clear water.

With this we may compare one told in a history of Ireland. In Ulster is a lake thirty thousand paces long, and fifteen thousand broad, out of which arises the noble northern river called Bane. It is believed by the inhabitants that there were formerly wicked, vicious people who lived in this place, and there was an old prophecy in every one's mouth, that whenever a well which was therein, and which was continually covered and locked up carefully, should be left open, so great a quantity of water should issue thereout as would forthwith overflow the adjacent country. It happened that an old woman coming to fetch water, heard her child cry; upon which running away in haste, she forgot to cover the spring; and coming back to do it, the land was so overrun that it was past her help; and at length she, her child, and all the territory were drowned, which caused the pool that remains to this day.

Giraldus Cambrensis, too, notices the tradition of Lough Neagh having once been a fountain which overflowed the whole country, to which Moore thus alludes:

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

It may be remembered also that Crofton Croker relates how beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, just outside the town, there is a lake of water, at the bottom of which are buildings and gardens far more beautiful than any now to be seen. The legend runs, that long before Saxon foot touched Irish ground, there was a great king called Core, whose palace stood where the lake now is, in a green valley. In the middle of the courtyard was a spring of fair water, so pure and clear that it was the wonder of the neighborhood far and near. On one occasion, however when the king was giving a grand entertainment, it happened that in the midst of the banquet one of the numerous guests remarked to the king: "May it please your Majesty, here is everything in abundance that heart could wish for, except water." "Water," replied the king, "you shall speedily have;" and despatching his daughter, the fair Usga, she soon unlocked the door of the well; but, stooping down, she unfortunately lost her balance and fell in. The water at once rose, and speedily filled the green valley in which the king's palace stood—a judgment, it is supposed, upon him for having closed the well against the poor.

Grains of Gold.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.

He is not poor that little hath, but he that much desires.

Debt is the subtlest and most far-reaching form of despotism under the sun.

The best part of the record of every man's life is that which he has done for others.

The best, noblest and strongest people will, as a general rule, be the calmest and gentlest.

Dismiss temptations with Nehemiah's answer, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

Not because I raise myself above something, but because I raise myself to something, do I approve myself.

He who does a mean or contemptible act poisons the water in the well from which he may yet be obliged to drink.

Delay and procrastination, indolence and indecision, are effectual robbers of time and defrauders of men's purposes.

The loss of purity, the loss of simplicity, the loss of honesty are real losses; but they befall us only by our own consent.

The same things are honest and dishonest; the manner of doing them, and the end of the design, makes the separation.

From pity for others, springs ardent, courageous benevolence; from pity for ourselves, feeble, cowardly sentimentality.

There is no saying to what perfection of goodness a man may come, who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at hand.

Form the habit of close, accurate observation, and you will be possessed of a powerful instrument for intellectual improvement.

Untold thousands of the bravest and best souls in this world may be found in coarse cloths, as a rough shell covers many a sweet kernel.

It does not require any genius or talent to find fault; but to give credit where credit is due, is indicative of a good heart and sound judgment.

Anger is a perfect alienation of mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God.

There is no secret in the heart which our actions do not disclose. The most consummate hypocrite cannot at all times conceal the workings of the mind.

There are men in this wicked world so mean that they would even consent to "take the beam from their own eye" if they could sell it for timber.

This is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself.

Expressions of approval or disapproval are natural and wholesome, and form a most salutary motive to action, provided they are guided by intelligent thoughtfulness.

Holy intention is to the actions of a man that which the soul is to the body, or form to its matter, or the root to the tree, or the sun to the world, or the base to a pillar.

Breaches of mere etiquette and a want of common tact make thousands of men's lives unhappy who, by attending to these details, would live pleasantly and make plenty of friends.

If you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within the reach of man, you must fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it.

The delays of good and dutiful intentions, which ultimately lead to the defeat of them, cause more regret and repentance in most men's lives probably than any other class of causes.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death.

It is very rare to find ground which produces nothing; if it is not covered with flowers, fruit-trees and grains, it produces briers and pines. It is the same with man—if he is not virtuous, he becomes vicious.

Those who promise themselves that from this hour forward they will never give circulation to a word of scandal, will live higher in the sight of their God than though they kept their knees blistered making prayers they never think of after they are made.

Femininities.

"No," said a belle—"no electric light for me; it can't be turned down low enough."

The modest young woman who "turned all colors" has given up the business owing to the multiplicity of new shades.

A lady who spent $100,000 of her own money during the war in aiding wounded soldiers, is now living in great poverty in Ashville, N. C.

"Oh, pa," said a young lady, "why not get a fir tree? It would be so economical to raise our own furs, and then we could raise whatever kind we wanted."

"How much older should a husband be than his wife?"—Edith. Three to five years is usually sufficient; but, if he is very rich, fifty or sixty years is allowable.

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in the United States is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

"Is it true that when a wild goose's mate dies it never takes another?" asks a young widow. Yes, but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way is because it is a goose.

A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all.

Miss Kane, the lawyer, who was fined and sent to jail in Milwaukee for throwing a glass of water into a judge's face while on the bench, says she will never pay the fine, if she has to stay in jail all her life.

Caution and secretiveness are good traits of character, but they are carried almost too far by the woman who writes a message on a postal card, then wraps it in a sheet of paper, and encloses it in a stamped envelope.

A woman in Nanticoke recently compelled her husband to go out in the middle of the night and spade the garden. It is at this time of the year that the nightmare in interior towns takes the form of a kitchen garden and a rusty spade.

"You made a little mistake in your society announcements yesterday, sir." "Very likely. It is almost impossible not to make a mistake sometimes. What was it?" "You said me and Euphemia Pipkins were bothered, when we are not bothered at all. We are betrothed, sir."

"I believe you are a fool, John!" testily exclaimed Mrs. Miggs, as her husband unwittingly presented the hot end of a potato-dish, which she promptly dropped and broke. "Yes," he added, with an air of resignation; "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."

Here is a mesmeric tale that comes from Oregon. A woman named Furness, a professional clairvoyant, became enamored of a young banker at Portland, and mesmerized him at one of her sittings. This done, she joined hands with him, and they were married by a minister present, whom she had mesmerized for that purpose.

A young Mormon couple who went to the Endowment House in Salt Lake City the other day, to be married, were turned away, with the statement that thirty-five marriages, the full capacity of the institution, had already been rushed through. It is said that more young girls are going into polygamy than ever before.

It was at the funeral of a dear friend. "It's just like her," whispered one lady to another. "I was dying to know just how old she was; and to think of such meanness in a solemn moment like this! There's no age on the coffin-plate! She always was a selfish thing, never would give anybody a little pleasure, when she could do so just as well as not."

An old maid, who recently died in Norway, directed that her estate be equally distributed among six discarded lovers, all of whom were poor, explaining her bequest as follows: "These lovers either courted me for my money, which they may now have, or else they loved me, and for that reason they shall have the money, because I believed them."

"Johnny, I want you to run over to the grocery on the corner and get me a can of condensed milk." "I don't want to go now, mamma." "Why don't you want to go now, Johnny?" "Because I want to wait until the grocery man's wife goes to church. Then her husband will be in charge of the store, and he will give me a stick of candy, and she never does."

A man who bought a badly-fitting suit that was much too large for him, was constantly taken to task by his good wife for his folly. One evening, as their little daughter was retiring, they were much surprised to overhear the following conclusion to her evening prayer: "Please, God, make pa over again, so his clothes will fit him, and then ma won't scold him all the time!"

If wives were half as winning and desirous of husbands' smiles after they have caught them as they were before that period, there would be more homes of happiness and more hours of married bliss in the world than there are now; and, on the other hand, if most husbands were half as obliging and attentive as they were during the season of courtship, the divorce courts would have very little business to do.

The parson had some plain, homely words for his people last Sunday, on the sin of tattling. He warned his hearers against talking about their neighbors, against picking flaws in their friends and acquaintances, and against commenting upon each other's faults and imperfections. After church one lady remarked: "For goodness gracious sake, what would he have us talk about?" "Sure enough!" cried another; while several others joined in with, "The idea!"

As a rule, the whole tone of a home depends upon the woman at the head of it—the average home, not the poverty-stricken home or the wealthy home. In this average home whether sunshine shall enter the rooms, whether the parlor shall be used and enjoyed, whether the table shall be invitingly spread, whether bright lights and bright fires shall give warmth and cheer on winter nights—whether, in brief, the home shall be an agreeable or a disagreeable place is usually what the woman determines.

News Notes.

Horse-flesh is sold in some parts of London as beef.

Scarlet is still the favorite color for sunshades in London.

When Queen Elizabeth died, 27 fans were found in her wardrobe.

Germany boasts 956 poetesses and authoresses on the roll of fame.

The Venezuela cow-tree yields a liquid with the flavor of cream.

Small clocks are attached to the principal lamp-posts in Amsterdam.

Leprosy has caused 16 deaths in the United States in the census year.

There is said to be one physician to every 13 families in the United States.

Portable houses are coming into vogue in England, especially at the sea-shore.

An entire suite of bedroom furniture made of glass is the freak of a Spanish grandee.

A million feet of lumber, it is said, are annually turned into base-ball bats in this country.

A Hungarian Jew sent to a Vienna paper a grain of wheat on which he had written over 300 words.

There are now 191 cotton factories in the Southern States, and most of them are making money.

In the year 1830 there were only eight insane asylums in the United States. Now there are over 80.

The richest gold mine in the world is in Transvaal, South Africa. A ton of ore gives 1,000 ounces of metal.

Rev. Josiah Henson, said to have been the original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," died recently, aged 94 years.

One of the latest Parisian schemes is a tunnel between that city and Rouen, to be 79 miles long, and cost $25,000,000.

John Blizzard, colored, died at Centreville, O., a few days ago, at the alleged age of 125. Blizzards are generally pretty healthy.

The novels of Miss Evans, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. Holmes have been banished from the Cleveland public library as being too trashy.

The largest wrolite in the world is in the British Museum. It weighs nearly two tons. The largest one in the Smithsonian weighs less than one ton.

The orange trees in southern France have been so damaged by frost and snow that blossoms for bridal wreaths and bouquets are difficult to procure.

A rich Chicago widow directed that five thousand dollars should be expended for her funeral expenses. She recently died, and her will was carried out.

Several of the most famous of the Parisian detectives have been engaged, at large salaries, to reinforce the Russian police at the coronation of the Czar.

Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, after using tobacco for nearly fifty years, has given it up altogether, and says his health is greatly improved. He is 68 years old.

The Assessors' lists reveal that there are sixty-nine women in Boston who are worth over $100,000, five of them being worth $500,000, and two over a million.

The cattle of the Pampas are computed at 25,000,000. They are the descendants of a bull and eight cows which were brought there by two Portuguese brothers in 1555.

There are six telephone factories in the United States, all doing a prosperous business. In one alone orders have been received for 4,000 instruments in six weeks' time.

Two well-developed and healthy-looking frogs alarmed a Montgomery, Ala., negro, by hopping out of a solid log three feet thick when it was opened by the blow of an axe.

There are native Mexicans who still worship Montezuma as a god, who pray every night for his return to rule over them, and look every morning for the coming of his golden chariot in the East.

A writer in one of the medical journals says that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three times a day, by means of a camel's hair pencil, the best and easiest cure for warts.

A painted advertisement in huge white letters upon the rocks of Lookout Mountain caused a spirited horse to run away the other day, and animal and driver went headlong over a cliff and were killed.

A statue of Lamartine is to be erected by subscription, and each subscriber is to receive a lock of the poet's hair, a crop of which was gathered for over twenty years by the poet's barber and hair-cutter.

A colored church at Austin, Ark., being half full of water one Sunday morning during the recent floods, the preacher mounted the roof and preached to a congregation assembled in flat-boats and skiffs.

There has been a baby show at Macon, Ga., where 50 infants in their carriages, and 100 other little ones, just able to toddle along, passed through the principal streets to a grove, where a pic-nic dinner was served.

WHY RUN ANY RISK WITH YOUR COUGH, Cold, Hoarseness, or indeed any Pulmonary or Bronchial Complaint, when a remedy safe, thorough, and so easily obtained as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be had? If you have contracted a severe Cold, save your Lungs from the dangerous irritation and inflammation, which frequently brings about Consumption, by promptly resorting to the Expectorant; and if troubled with Affection of the Throat, you will find this remedy equally effectual in affording relief from obstructing phlegm, and in healing the inflamed parts.

Conjuror's Mistakes.

BY FRANK G. CARLETON.

JUST one hundred years ago—exactly, for it was in 1783—an Italian, named Pinetti, came to Paris and established a great reputation as a professor of sleight-of-hand.

He was not only clever, beyond all performers who had preceded him, in manipulation and address, but he invented a great many of the stage tricks which have been practised by a long line of successors in the art since his time.

Skilful in his day, he made a great sensation in Paris, drew large audiences to his entertainments, and found himself in a fair way to make his fortune.

But it happened that an amateur, by the name of Decremps, a Frenchmen, was about to come out in public, having long rehearsed in secret with a view to making money when perfect, just as the Italian appeared on the scene. He saw at once that his chances were ruined, of course. He could not hope to stand as a rival against Pinetti, so he made some private overtures to enter into partnership with him. The precise nature of his offer is not known, but, whatever it may have been, it was promptly declined. Bitterly mortified and disappointed, Decremps determined on vengeance. He was clever, observant, and persevering; and by assiduously attending the exhibitions of his adversary, as he chose to consider him, night after night, he soon discovered the secrets of many of the principal feats. He then wrote a book, divulging these and claiming to expose Pinetti as a humbug.

Pinetti's fame seemed now about to be blighted and his prospects destroyed, because he had refused to share the proceeds of his talent with one jealous of his success. He had become a great favorite with the Parisians, but they are a fickle people, easily swayed, and popularity is soon transferred from one side to another, especially where the candidate succeeds in making his opponent the object of ridicule and derision—what was more likely to excite their laughter and contempt than the spectacle of a magician whose occult knowledge had been mercilessly revealed, and who was thus shorn of his power to dupe them any longer?

He read the book directly it was published, formed his plans, and in the course of his performance a few nights later, when he had reached a point where his audience were thoroughly interested and in good humor, he alluded to the circumstance. He had heard, he remarked, that an ignorant fellow called Decremps had recently pretended to disclose the mysteries of his feats—scientific secrets, which were in reality far beyond the comprehension of such a man. He did not suppose that hearers would be deceived by such a vulgar production. He gave them credit for too much sense and penetration; but just to amuse them.

And to show what an impostor the fellow was, he himself would actually explain to them how some of the tricks were done, which he forthwith proceeded to do. Conjurors can always produce the same effect by several different means, and not one of the processes corresponded to the method declared in Decremps' books to be employed for the purpose.

Suddenly a shabby and disreputable-looking man, who had been seated in the middle of the room with a sarcastic grin on his face till now, jumped up furiously and began to force his way towards the stage, almost screaming with passion.

"How dare you call me an impostor!" he shrieked.

"How dare you call me an ignorant fellow!

"I say that you—you are an impostor—a double impostor!

"What you say is false! I demand a hearing!

"I *will* be heard!

"I will prove that everything in my book is correct!

"I denounce you, Pinetti—humbug! charlatan!"

Here he became so violent, and his abuse, both of the conjuror and spectators, so offensive and coarse, that the audience seized him and thrust him towards the door, fearing from his repulsive appearance and language that he was about to do some mischief.

Furthermore, they were flattered at having been taken into confidence by the performer, who by this time had their entire sympathies, and were annoyed at the disturbance in the midst of their enjoyment.

They might have handled their victim rather roughly in putting him out had not Pinetti interceded for him, saying he bore no malice, perhaps the poor wretch had only written it to get bread, no harm was done.

He then slipped a crown into the man's hand, and the interrupter departed amid the jeers and hootings of the company.

Pinetti's generosity was praised to the skies.

He was placed on a higher eminence in public esteem than ever.

All Paris flocked to see him, and Decremps, scorned and despised, was an utter failure.

Decremps wrote indignantly next day to say that he had never been near the hall at all, and endeavored with all his might to explain the matter, but nobody would believe or hear what he said.

Nevertheless it was quite true.

The whole thing was arranged by Pinetti himself to save his reputation.

His supposed antagonist who had disturbed the assembly with such well feigned rage was really a confederate—he conjuor's state assistant, in fact, disguise in dirty, ragged clothes.

It was a case of "diamond cut diamond," but it succed perfectly.

The Frenchman and his designs were completely put to rout, and his malice recoiled upon himself.

Pinetti eventually returned, having amazed a large fortune.

A BOY'S PROTEST.—Talk about woman, and the —the—all the rest of 'em; none of 'em are half so badly used as the boys are. I know a lot, and can give you all their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you that to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world. You're here to take all the sass that's given you and give none back, 'cause you're a boy. You are to pay full fare in the cars and omnibuses, 'cause you're a boy and not a child, and never have a seat, 'cause you're a boy and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full and looks about her; every body looks at you. Old gentleman says, "Come, now, you boy!" You've paid, no matter, that's nothing. You have been on your legs with bundles all day. Who cares? You're a boy. Now a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry; and a man won't take any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. The is no limit to it.

Who doesn't know a boy who does a man's work, and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't seen an advertisement for a boy who writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, boards with his parents, is trust-worthy, has no objection to sitting up a'l night, has no impudence about him, the best recommendations required and two dollars a week wages! Ask boys whether old folks don't make as much fuss about such places as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up for life.

Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sister don't in the parlor. Your father don't; he always asks if you are not wanted to do something somewhere. You make your mother's head ache every time you come near her. Old ladies snap you up. Young ladies hate the boys. Young men tease you and give it to you if you tease back.

Other fellows—I know it's because they're aggravated so—always want to fight if they don't know you; and when you get a black eye or a torn jacket you hear of it at home. You look back and wonder if you ever were the pretty little fellow in petticoats that everybody stuffed with candy; and you wonder whether you'll ever be a man, to be liked by the girls and treated politely by the other fellows, paid for your work and allowed to do as you choose.

And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help; and when your grandfather or somebody complains that there are no boys now, you wonder if he remembers the life he led, that he don't consider it a subject of rejoicing. There is only one comfort in it all; boys will grow up, and when they do they generally forget all they went through in their early youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

SCIPIO, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.

REV. E. R. WARREN.

A RHYME OF THE RAIL.

He comes on the car with a stumpy cigar,
He speaks with a curious drawl;
She close to him clings, decked with diamonds and rings,
With a poppy dog wrapped in a shawl.

I hear her repeat, as she flops on a seat,
And playfully toys with his toes,
"Do dear little pet! Does I love oo? Oo bet!"
Then she kisses its dirty pug nose.

The passengers grin, as it licks her fair chin;
Her lover sits wistfully by,
And wishes his face in the puppy dog's place,
As he heaves a disconsolate sigh.

He throws up the sash, and quick as a flash
The puppy dog lifts his pug nose—
It springs to its feet, then it leaps from the seat,
And away through the window it goes.

A scream of affright. A disconsolate sight.
A beautiful woman in woe;
Who moans, with regret, for her puppy dog pet
That flies in the river below.

Two lovers that glide o'er the rail side by side,
The tears are all dry on her face;
His stumpy cigar he has thrown from the car—
He has taken the puppy dog's place.

—U. N. NONE.

Humorous.

A deer child—A fawn.

To be certain of getting a bite when you go fishing, take it along with you.

Look to your fire-escapes. In other words, settle your debts and pay your pew-rents.

Musicians are in the habit of slurring some notes; but they all speak well of greenbacks.

A lawyer's definition of a contingent fee: If I don't win the suit I get nothing; if I do win, you get nothing. Heads, I win; tails, you lose.

Teacher: "Can you tell me which is the olfactory organ?" Pupil frankly answers, "No, sir." Teacher—"Correct!" Pupil goes off in a brown study.

After all, there is a vast deal of common sense in the remark of the deserter when he said, "I'd rather be a coward all my life than a corpse for fifteen minutes."

A dentist in Plattsburg, N. Y., recently received this order for a set of teeth: "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches through the jaw. Sum hummocks on the edge. Shaped like a horseshoe, toe forward. If you wish to be more perticklar I will hav to cum thar."

Over Ninety Thousand People.

Actual figures demonstrate that over ninety thousand people a year are entertained at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, New York City. So steadily has its patronage increased, its present 450 rooms are wholly inadequate; 250 are being added, which will give to this house over 600 rooms, at $1 and upwards per day. Better accommodation for less money than can be obtained at any other strictly first-class hotel in the metropolis; coupled with the saving of carriage hire and no charge for transfer of baggage to and from Grand Central Depot; backed up by its management performing all it agrees to, and guests finding everything as represented—forms the chief corner-stone on which the Grand Union's most enviable success has been attained. At the first possible opportunity, we advise our readers to prove the truthfulness of our assertion by stopping at the Grand Union. Parties visiting pleasure or summer resorts will also find the Grand Union well located for their convenience.

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Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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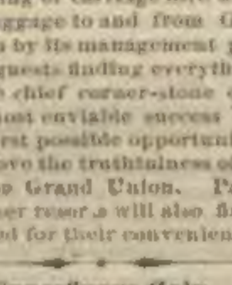

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Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swelling, Tumors, Rip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout Dropsy, Bronchitis, Consumption.
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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. One Dollar Per Bottle.

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COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATIONS, FEVER AND AGUE CURED AND PREVENTED.
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RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES
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SUBMARINE DIVING.

ALTHOUGH the diving-bell is said to have been known to the Phœnicians 320 B. C., but little progress appears to have been made in its use, and up to the middle of the last century scarcely anything was known regarding the bottom of the sea, except what was thrown up on beaches or from chance specimens secured by sounding lines or sea-dredging. With the appliances of modern science men have tried to extend their knowledge as well as to work under water. The expert native divers of Ceylon and India, in securing coral, pearls and sponges, are enabled, on an average, to remain under the surface about two minutes, although instances have been noted where an endurance of three and a half minutes has been attained. Such specimens of endurance are rare, and seldom attained without serious injury, soon resulting in death. Submarine diving-armor of various kinds has been made use of, with more or less success; but in 1830 the discovery of india-rubber afforded an opportunity for important additions and improvements to submarine diving dresses.

The diver's suit consists of, first, a pair of thick rubber leggings and boots combined. These end at the waist in an iron band, furnished with iron clamps. Straps of lead, weighing together ninety pounds, and which are made to fit about the ankles and waist, are intended to give him weight enough to withstand the current. On the upper part of his body he wears a large copper helmet, with a strong ringbolt on the top, and below which, securely fastened to it, is a rubber jacket, ending in an iron band, so constructed as to meet that of the leggings and be tightly fastened to it.

The sleeves of this jacket are gathered around his wrists and tightly tied. The jacket is of more pliable stuff than the leggings, so as to enable him to more easily use his hands and arms.

The diver puts on his leggings, and then a hook, attached to the end of a rope rove through a block, and generally worked by a steam engine, is hooked into the ring on the top of the helmet, and this, with the jacket, is hoisted and let down over his head.

With this once on, the diver, above the ocean's surface, is perfectly helpless.

The front of the helmet has a glass door, covered with wire, which is opened for him while the completion of the dressing goes on.

The sleeves of the jacket are tied, the hands of his leggings and jacket screwed tightly up, the leaden anklets and girdle secured, air-pipe screwed on, and, shutting the door of the helmet, the diver is ready to be "swung off."

In his hand the diver carries a slender cord, with which he signals his wants from below.

The depth at which men can descend with armor on has been tested, with the following results:

The diver can breathe, and his organs may retain their normal condition, and he preserve his presence of mind to a depth of 130 feet, but when that depth is exceeded by ten or twenty feet, the external pressure causes physiological effects on his organs, independent of his will. Within the limit of 130 feet, security to life is perfectly assured with a practical diver.

The first sensation in descending is the sudden, bursting roar in the ears, caused by the air driven into the helmet from the air-pump. The flexible air hose has to be strong enough to bear a pressure of twenty-five or fifty pounds to the square inch. The drum of the ear yields to the strong external pressure, the mouth opens involuntarily, the air rushes in the tube and strikes the drum, which snaps back to its normal state with a sharp, pistol-like crack. Peering through the goggle-eye of glass in his helmet, the diver sees the strange beauties about him clearly, and in their own calm splendor.

LIBERALITY, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and toward all men—these qualifications are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Nishnabotna, Mo., April 16, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

L. L. L.

Prestonsburg, Ky., March 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

G. B. D.

Columbus, Ind., April 17, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

J. S.

Hamilton, Mo., April 15, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

D. N. C.

Marengo, Ill., April 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

M. J. S.

Cuba, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. E. D.

Carthage, Mo, April 19, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

L. R.

Columbus, O., April 15, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. M. S.

Laporte, Ind., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

R. K.

Lewis, N. Y., April 18, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

K. S.

Belmont, Wisc., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

A. A. H.

Auburn, Mich., April 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

S. R

Sevierville, Tenn, April 16, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. H.

Saratoga, N. C., April 19, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

P. S. H.

Brantford, Kans., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. F.

Mt. Union, Iowa., April 16, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

W. S.

Montgomery, Ky., April 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

F. W. S.

St. Joe, Mo., April 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

N. J. A.

Facetiæ.

Generous natures will hesitate about licking a postage-stamp when it gets down to two cents.

A very accurate Chicago physician sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space reserved for "cause of death."

A Leadville journalist who makes a great feature of his "personal column" has shot so many men that now he is spoken of as the "local leadtor."

It doesn't take a northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel-bill is presented he generally says: "I guess I shall be well enough to make a start for home this afternoon."

A Cincinnati clergyman thought he would raise his own pork. So he bought five pigs and fattened them. Now that they are fit to kill, he hesitates. He says they appear so much like his own children that he hasn't the heart to kill them.

For clear, bracing winter weather there is no climate equal to that of Michigan. At a hotel fire in East Saginaw, recently, a guest in the fifth story put his head out of the window and his breath froze so solid that, after fastening one end of it to the bed-post, he slid down on the main stem and made good his escape. Of course, there was nothing weak about his breath before the freezing process began.

A STRANGE AND STARTLING DREAM!!

Is There a Spirit World?

A remarkable dream or preternatural visitation recently occurred in Louisville, Ky.: Mr. V. K. Stevens, a gentleman well and favorably known about town, on retiring for the night, feeling unwell and nervous, was very restless in his sleep, but seemed to himself to be wide awake and in full control of his senses. A vision appeared in his dream showing him a large flaming number, commanding him to obtain it from the lottery, and then vanished. The dream was so startling as to fully awaken him, and although one who never believed in lotteries or upheld them, yet try as he would he could not shake off the vision or forget the numbers which seemed to be burned in his brain. Finally he called at the office of the Commonwealth Distribution Co., and paying $1, asked for a ticket with the numbers of his dream on it. Fortunately the number was unsold, and his ticket given him. The drawing was soon to come off, and so nervous and excited had he become that, although against his principles, he determined to witness it, and strangely enough, he saw his number drawn from the wheel; and the handsome prize of $5,000 was his. Was this simply a coincidence? Who can tell? Next drawing takes place in Louisville, Ky., May 31st; 1,960 prizes, amounting to $172,800. Whole Tickets only $2. Address R. M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

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The symptoms are, moisture, like perspiration, intense itching, increased by scratching, very distressing, particularly at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling in and about the rectum; the private parts are sometimes affected. If allowed to continue, very serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also for Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Barbers' Itch, Blotches, all scaly, crusty Skin Diseases. Sent by mail for 50 cents; three boxes, $1.25 (in stamps). Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists.

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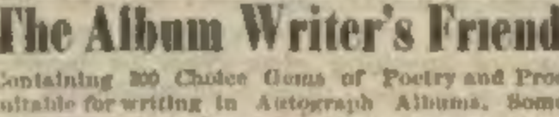

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Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

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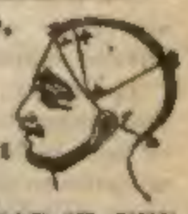

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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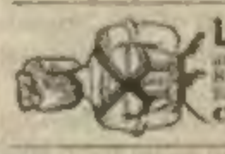
Agents wanted in every county; the best, cheapest, and the best-selling Washer ever invented. It occupies no more room than a wringer; is strong, durable and simple, and is easily operated; and saves over half the time and labor in washing. Send for a Price-list. Large discount to the Trade and Agents.
SHAMAN & CO., Millport, N. Y.



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WANTED.—Ladies and young men wishing to earn $1 to $3 every day quietly at their homes; work furnished; sent by mail; no canvassing; no stamps required for reply. Please address Edward F. Davis & Co., 38 South Main St., Fall River, Mass.

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The Biggest Thing Out Illustrated Book Sent Free. (new) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., New York.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

Splendid 20 Latest Style Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, Ct.

50 Large Chromos, new and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. Vaun & Co., New Haven, Conn.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

SUNSHADES are the gayest possible affairs this Spring. They are large, have big, eccentric-looking handles, mostly carved into some variety of the crook shape, and are covered with every sort of color, and every sort of silk and satin, brocaded, dotted, sprinkled with crescents, etc. When made of some of these latter fabrics they are frequently quite plain, having merely a large bow of the same material fastened to the handle, and as the design of the material may be a red moon on a blue ground, or a blue moon on a red ground, or something equally conspicuous, no further adornment in the way of lace or embroidery is certainly needed.

These parasols, we will remark, generally match some costume, and ladies in buying materials for visiting and carriage dresses, frequently get an extra quantity and have the parasol made up to order.

Almost all the parasols covered with plain ottoman, merveilleux, or pongee have lace or embroidery trimmings, generally the latter, Irish point being extremely fashionable for the purpose.

It is put in as a flat turned-up border, not as a flounce. The border is six inches wide on an average.

Light checked summer silks or flowered foulards are often used to cover parasols that are to correspond with certain dresses, and Irish point generally constitutes the trimming in these cases, too.

The result is a pretty and eminently summer-like parasol, which will do nicely with a variety of light, thin dresses, satteens, foulards, or anything of that sort.

One of the newest shapes in parasols is square and flat, more or less Japanese in effect, and has been dubbed the "Boulevard."

But it is not a shape that prevails extensively by any means. The high, boldly curved shape still holds its own.

The black, dark blue and dark red ottoman parasols, with Irish point embroidery or lace, being at once handsome, simple and suitable to carry with any dress, are those chosen chiefly by women who cannot afford a variety of sunshades.

A large white satin or brocade parasol, or one of white foulard, if something less expensive is desired, is another excellent choice for watering-places and summer-resorts generally.

This style of sunshade also does to wear with all kinds of pretty summer dresses, and it is always most becoming, the white reflection thrown over the face being very flattering to the complexion.

A border of Irish point, or of guipure, can be turned up on the border of a white satin parasol, or a row of Spanish lace set upon the edge in a flounce.

This last arrangement is softer about the face, and so would be chosen in preference, probably, by ladies, young or youthful, who study what is becoming, above all things.

Among the more elaborate parasols, little affairs that may cost twenty, thirty or forty dollars, the choice is unlimited, and there are all sorts of beautiful things; for instance, a peacock feather parasol, lined with blue satin; a crushed strawberry satin parasol, covered with white Spanish lace flounces, and thickly beaded with seed pearls; a parasol of rich white ottoman with large satin designs, having a broad puff of the brocade on the edge, and a deep flounce of Spanish guipure below it, and so on, and so on.

The "latest thing" in hosiery is a particularly ugly thing, but at the same time such a totally new departure, and so utterly different from all styles hitherto brought out in stockings, that it commands attention.

The hose are parti-colored, ecru and pale blue, pale shrimp and bright scarlet, etc., and the division is made, in harlequin fashion, right down the centre of the stocking from top to toe.

One side of the foot, as exhibited by a low slipper, is therefore one color, the other side another.

These stockings have embroidered clocks which are generally white. Far less conspicuous are stockings with very fine perpendicular pin-stripes.

These are now considered quite the "creme de la creme," and beside being quiet and lady-like in appearance, give a very slim, clean look to large feet or stout limbs.

Even lisle thread stockings are again shown with colored silk embroidered medallions on the instep.

They are chiefly pretty with sateens, wash dresses, etc. The popularity with black stockings, a fashion which has come to us from England, as so many fashions do nowadays, continues as great as ever.

And this, despite the fact that the black always cracks off, and that in hot weather it is a fashion that becomes positively uncleanly, soiling the underclothing and the bottom of white dresses.

However, with a shoe an Oxford tie, a fine black lisle thread or a black silk stocking is the very handsomest that can be worn.

Nothing is so stylish nor so becoming to the foot. As a rule, a high shoe is very ugly worn over a colored stocking. The ankles look thick and unwieldly at once.

But with a slipper we should accord the preference to thin colored stockings by all means, except when certain dark toilets are worn.

A number of new Louis XIV shoes, we may here notice, are made of black cloth with patent leather foxings.

And there are also some that are made of black satin merveilleux, the foxings being again of patent leather.

These, of course, are to be worn with richer costumes.

The toes of the new boots and shoes are a trifle broader than they have been, though very much could still be done in this direction advantageously.

Fierce war has been waged for years against high pointed heels, and much ink and paper consumed to prove how ruinous they were to the shape of the foot and to the whole constitution; how they brought on weakness of the eyes, near-sightedness, spinal troubles, etc.

If some of this laudable energy were expended to induce women to reject narrow-toed and narrow-soled boots and shoes and to insist upon having their chaussure made wide enough for the toes to retain somewhat their normal position, no one could say that it was misdirected.

The present style of making boots and shoes is contrary to all common sense, extremely injurious to the foot, unbecoming and simply odious from every point of view. Two sorts of persons in the community alone are benefited by it: the shoemakers—because when half of the foot, more or less, has no sole under it at all and nothing between it and the ground but some thin kid, a pair of boots cannot be expected to wear very long—and the chiropodists, because when the five toes are cramped into a space that could accomodate barely one too properly, enlargement of the joints, corns, hard and soft, ingrowing nails, bunions, and a variety of other such poetic affections are the inevitable and the never-failing result. High heels will not deform the foot, provided the boot is the proper shape across the sole and has a good, broad sole.

They may or may not be injurious to the general health; but with that phase of the question we have nothing to do here.

A proof of what we maintain is that French women wear high heels much more than American women do, and yet never have half so much trouble with their feet.

French shoemakers can make broad toes and soles to their boots, and do so. To get an American shoemaker to do the same may be set down as one of the hopeless things.

They can't, or they won't; at any rate, they don't. The only way to bring them to reason would be for sensible women to insist, in a body, upon having their boots made the proper width, and to decline to accept anything else. This or bunions, sooner or later; there is no alternative.

The profusion of flowers on bonnets grows every day larger, and will have attained most abundant proportions by the time watering-places begin to fill up and large broad trimmed straws are in order.

At present, for a small bonnet to be worn during the spring in town, or for a poke intended for the same purpose, not so many flowers are needed.

The bonnets have in some instances a big flower pompon, instead of a bunch of blossoms.

These pompons are made of a short full spray of some fine small flower, white lilacs for example, which spray has the two ends turned under, forming a sort of ball of the delicate blossoms. This is rather novel, but it has no "raison d'etre," and is consequently not artistic.

Fireside Chat.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 43.]

THE making of a bird's-nest pudding next absorbed the attention of the audience.

The jelly for it had been prepared at the same time as the wine jelly, the processes being similar.

Half a package of sparkling gelatine had been soaked for two hours in half a cupful of cold water, and upon it had been poured enough boiling water to make, with the juice of six oranges, two cupfuls and a half of liquor.

After this water and orange juice and a small cupful of sugar had been added, the jelly had been stirred well, and strained into a shallow dish.

This was where it was found when Miss Parloa announced that a bird's-nest pudding was in order.

A plate of "straws" was produced, and it was explained that they were obtained in this way: Peel was removed from half a dozen oranges in quarters, and allowed to lie over night in two quarts of water. The next morning the peel was cut into thin strips with scissors, and boiled in fresh water until tender.

The strips were drained in a sieve, and simmered half an hour in a syrup made of half a cupful of sugar and a pint of water.

They were then put into a bowl, and remained there over night. On the day of the lecture a pint of sugar and of water were boiled together for twenty minutes, and the syrup fell in threads from a spoon with which a quantity was dipped up.

The orange-peel straws were boiled half an hour in this syrup, and then removed and drained in a sieve. As they became dry they were put into a dish and placed in a warm oven.

Thus a large part of the work was done before the lecture, but each finished step was explained with much care.

Miss Parloa put into a double boiler a pint of milk and a third of a box of gelatine that had been soaking together for two hours, and heated the mixture without allowing it to boil.

She gave it a stirring frequently. As soon as the gelatine had been dissolved the mixture was removed from the fire, and to it were added one and a half tablespoonfuls of sugar, a third of a teaspoonful of orange flavor, and a tiny quantity of salt.

This blanc-mange was poured into six egg shells that had been emptied by breaking in one end a hole about the size of a cent, and stirring a skewer inside

The shells were placed upright in a pan of fine-powdered ice. The jelly that had been prepared was broken into pieces with a fork and put into a flat dish.

The straws were arranged in the form of nests on the jelly, the shells were taken from the blanc-mange, and the eggs of blanc-mange were placed in the nests.

Miss Parloa said at this point that when gelatine is to be used it should be soaked in cold water, standing in a cold place, for two hours, for it will then dissolve readily without being brought to a high temperature, which is likely to give a strong flavor.

The vessel in which the gelatine is dissolved should not be put directly upon the range, but into another containing hot water, and this may be put upon the range.

For strawberry Bavarian cream there were used a pint of cream, a quart of strawberries, half a cupful of cold water, half a cupful of boiling water, a large cupful of sugar and half a package of gelatine. The gelatine had soaked two hours in cold water, and the berries and sugar had been mashed together and allowed to stand for an hour.

The cream was now whipped to a froth. The juice from the berries was strained, as much as possible being pressed through; but care was taken that none of the seeds went with it.

The hot water was poured upon the gelatine, which, when it was dissolved, was strained into the strawberry juice.

The basin (which was tin) was set into a pan of ice water, and the mixture was beaten until a cream had formed.

When it was of about the consistency of soft custard, the whipped cream was stirred into it; and after a good stirring the mixture was turned into moulds and set away to harden.

Corn-starch cake was made by beating a cupful of butter to a cream and adding a cupful and a half of flour, four eggs well beaten, half a cupful of corn-starch dissolved in half a cupful of milk, and a cupful and a half of flour into which had been stirred a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda; the mixture being flavored with lemon and baked in two sheets.

After making this cake Miss Parloa turned the mould of wine jelly into a glass dish, and turned the Bavarian cream into the circle of jelly, heaping whipped cream on it.

THE WILD MAN OF A SIDE-SHOW.—A rehearsal by a fellow who was to make his debut as the wild man of a side-show, and who had heightened his natural ugliness by letting his hair, beard and nails grow very long, was witnessed by a correspondent. He had become proficient in uttering an unintelligible jargon and in posing and gesticulating like a monkey. But, on being subjected to critical examination by a showman, it was found that he lacked one desirable accomplishment. "A wild man ought not to eat in a civilized manner," said this expert. "You say that you are going to show yourself in a cage, pawing and growling around like a brute. Very well. Now, what is it in a menagerie that catches the crowd more than anything else? The feeding of the animals, ain't it? When you sling a chunk of raw meat to the lion and he fiercely devours it, the spectators just shudder, shrink back and enjoy themselves. Now, there's the hint for your racket. You must devour raw meat." "Durned if I kin do that," said the wild man from Kentucky; "I have lived on fried bacon and hominy too long to like raw meat. I swar I couldn't swallow it." "But it needn't be raw for a fact," said the showman: "it can be cooked beef, faked up to look raw." This counsel was heeded, and the wild man, in the rehearsal, tore a piece of beef that was blood red but not really raw, with fingers and teeth, in quite a fiercely ravenous way. "The performance was crude," says the narrator, "but will doubtless become startlingly effective when perfected by repetition."

Correspondence.

CHARLIE D., (Phila., Pa.)—You are too vain and deceitful, and unworthy of the young lady's love.

G. F. M., (Kensington, Pa.)—Johann Strauss, composer of the "Blue Danube" and other waltzes is alive. A letter addressed to Vienna, giving his official title, which is "Koniglicher Kaiserlicher Hof-Ball Musikdirector," would be sure to find him.

BOB, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If your terra-cotta has been painted with vitrifiable or encaustic colors, it must be burnt; if with ordinary colors, a wash of varnish or solution of silicate of soda would probably answer.

OVIS., (Bedford, Pa.)—When you soak an egg in very strong vinegar, you dissolve the mineral matter of the shell and leave only the soft integuments. You cannot restore the egg to its original form, as it is not possible to redeposit this mineral matter.

EVA, (Marshall, Kansas.) — Varnishes dry rapidly because the fluids in them evaporate very rapidly. They remain fluids in mass because the surface is small compared to the bulk of the fluid below, whilst, when spread on a surface, this condition of things is reversed, and a very small bulk of fluid is enormously spread out.

VIRGINIA, (Morgan, Va.)—1. Yes, certainly, our bodies are material and really objective. There is no doubt or question on this point. 2. The idea of immateriality or Berkeleyism is ridiculous. We do not know precisely what matter is, but there can be no question as to its existence.

M. F., (Freeborn, Minn.) — Half the misery there is in the world proceeds from such small causes. Any sacrifice that keeps men at home is surely worth making; every penny that goes to furnish those absorbing little grinding-mills, children's bodies, with good grist is a penny more than saved.

L. F. G., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—In England the Established Clergy having glebe rights may legally pasture their sheep in the churchyards; but it is highly indecorous to do so. The practice has often excited adverse remark. The grass can be cut at a very small cost and may then be used by the rector's sheep, without allowing the graves to be trampled in a way which at least appears indecent.

WATERLOO, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is not possible to remove the marks made by Indian ink on the skin if the coloring-matter has been so rubbed in as to be deposited in the true skin. In that case the marks are indelible, like those produced by tattooing. The falling out of the eyelashes may be simply the result of some general weakness of the structure of the eyelids, or of inflammation, or there may be disease at the roots of the hair. Better consult some medical man.

ANXIOUS, (Portage, O.)—Very little, if anything, can be learnt of commercial life and manners except by practical experience in a merchant's office. An intelligent young man will quickly pick up all he needs to know. Commerce is very much a matter of detail, and can be studied only in relation to some special branch of trade. Meanwhile such details as book-keeping by single and double entry and the principles of barter and international exchange may be learnt from any accountant in a short course of lessons more rapidly than by reading books.

S. C. D., (Worcester, Mass.)—Your theory as to sewer-gases, admittedly harmless, being accompanied by a mysterious zephitic and deadly vapor is not borne out by the facts of the case. You admit the general immunity from zymotic disease of sewermen, and refer to the propagation of disease by germs, and to Pasteur's recent work on the bacterium of diphtheria, and to the fungoid character of the throat-growths in that disease. Surely you must see that the whole evidence points to the propagation of these diseases by spores or germs, and not to the deadly vapor "more dangerous than prussic acid or strychnine." It is generally admitted that the absolute entry into the body of solid germs is necessary for the propagation of these sewage diseases.

W. O. B., (Lebanon, Pa.)—Better have nothing to do with the "entangled" person than make your own and another's life miserable with regrets and reflections. The best course to pursue seems very plain from an outside point of view. Simply break off the engagement. It is highly improbable that it would lead to happiness. The fact that it is "hard" to do this does not in any way affect the question that it is the politic course to pursue. If you do not pursue it, you must not hereafter blame any one except yourself for the trouble which may arise. You now know all before it is too late to withdraw. If you do not take this advice, you will be outraging propriety in marrying the man and then worrying him with reproaches. Break entirely, or wholly forgive and forget.

ARDLAS, (Bradley, Ark.)—Possibly the reserve now shown on the other side may have its spring in a like feeling. If so, do as you would be done by. Throw off unnatural constraint and be less self-conscious, and therefore less artificial. It is not necessary to be forward—quite the reverse. Be natural be—nothing but what you are. It is wrong to dwell too much on these matters. Providence has not given you the first choice: do not defy the ordination of nature by seeking it. It may be that what seems to be the way to happiness is not the path marked out for you. If it should be, less thought on the subject and a more natural manner and bearing will not prevent your wishes being realized. In short, divert your thoughts, and let matters take their course. Time is the great revealer. All attempts to compass your desire now will work against you.

W. H. S., (Montcalm, Mich.)—The notion that conscience is something outside us and unaffected by our lives and conduct is opposed alike to Scripture teaching and experience. The conscience may be seared as with a hot iron. It may be blunted. An impure life, or one of perpetual surrender to evil influences, will first blunt the instinct of conscience and finally render it of no effect on the will. Conscience is not "over there" in your sense, and it is certainly anything but "unchanged or unchangeable," as you regard the matter. You are wrong in your facts. The "inner experience of self," which constitutes conscience when the heart is pure and true ceases to be a "good conscience" and comes to be an "evil conscience" when the heart is corrupt and deceitful. It is only when the inward monitor is properly matured by loyal obedience that we can interrogate it as an oracle and trust it as a guide.